

1905

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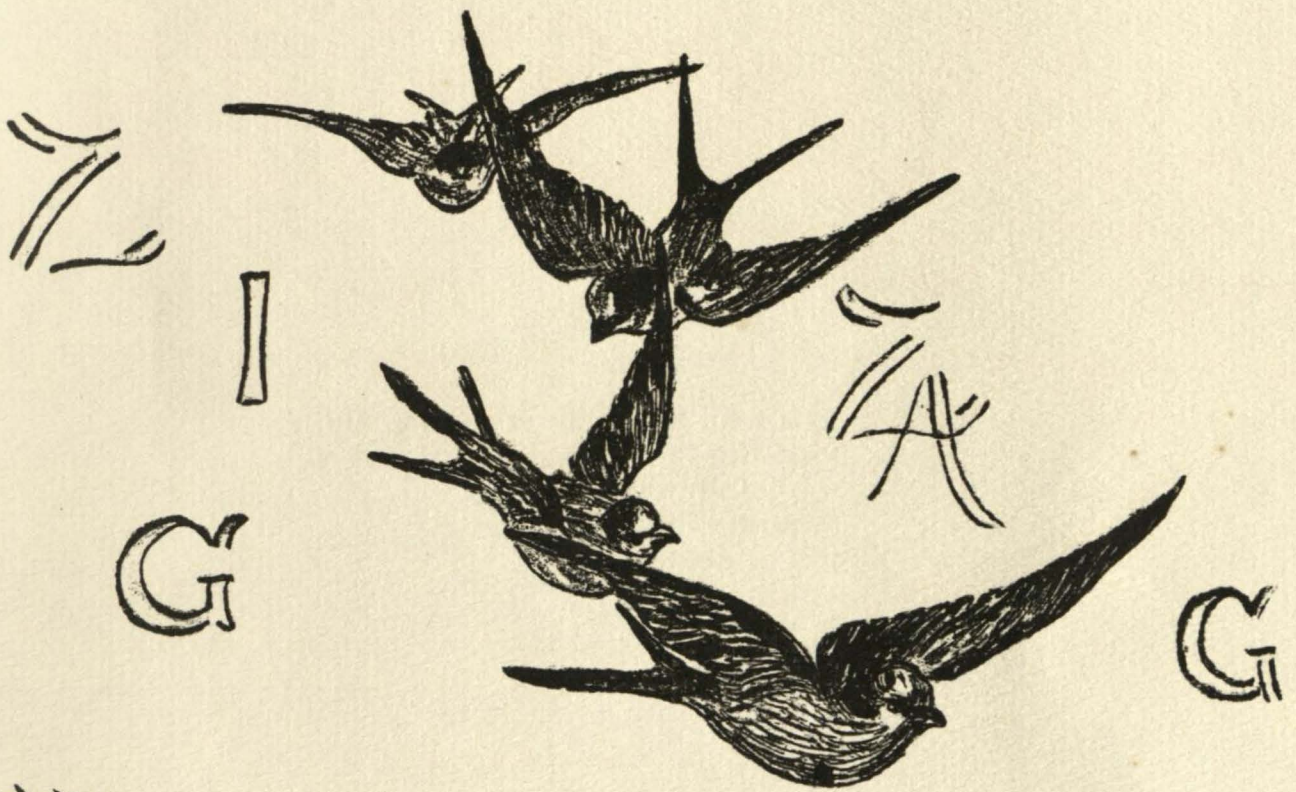
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Vol. II



Arranged by
Hootley
etc.

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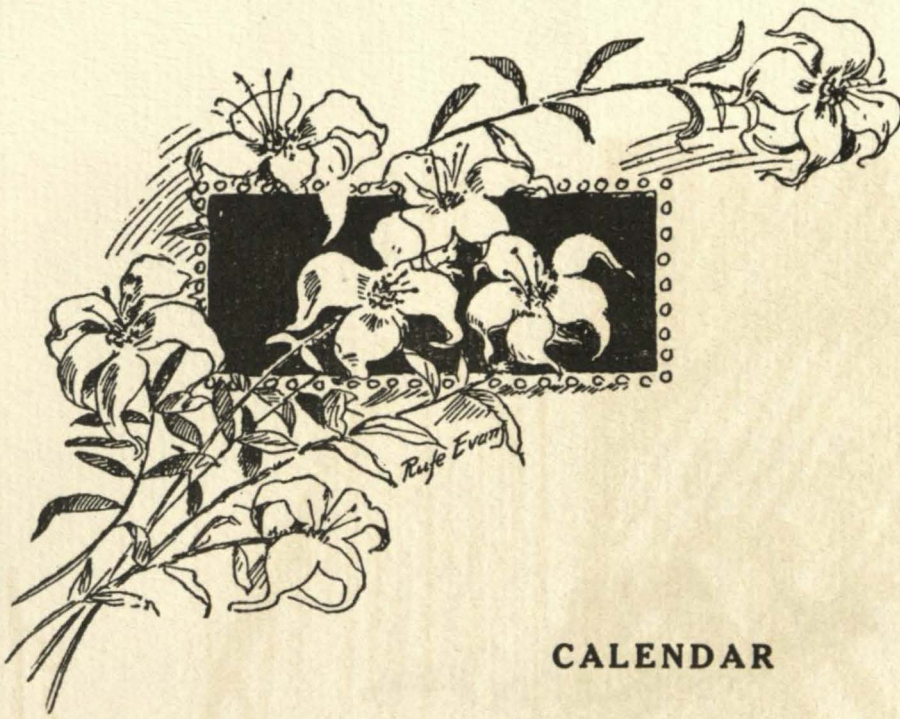
DEDICATION

To College Spirit, whose mighty force entwines this Christian world, spurring men on to work in unison, for the elevation of mankind, the Editors loyally dedicate this book.



Spotted

Tracy Hanson



CALENDAR

1904

SEPTEMBER 12 and 13.....Entrance Examinations and Matriculation
 SEPTEMBER 14, Wednesday, 8:30 A. M.....Sixty-Seventh Session Begins
 NOVEMBER 24, Thursday.....Thanksgiving Day
 DECEMBER 22, Thursday, 4 P. M.....Christmas Holidays Begin

1905

JANUARY 4, Wednesday, 8:30 A. M.....College Exercises Resumed
 JANUARY 12, Thursday.. }
 JANUARY 13, Friday.... } Preliminary Tests of Candidates for Graduation in Music
 JANUARY 25, 26, 27, 28, 31.....Mid Year Examinations
 FEBRUARY 1, Wednesday.....Spring Term Begins
 MAY 12, Friday.....Benefactor's Day and Senior Class Day
 MAY 16-18.....Final Examinations in Music
 MAY 19-26.....Final Examinations in Literary Department
 MAY 31, Wednesday.....Commencement Day



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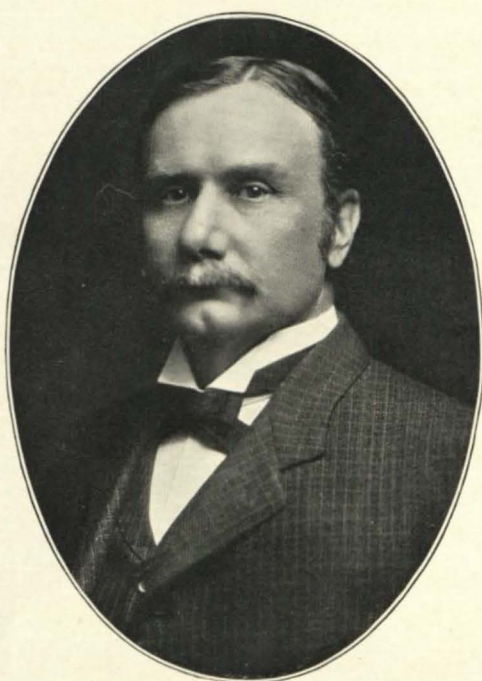
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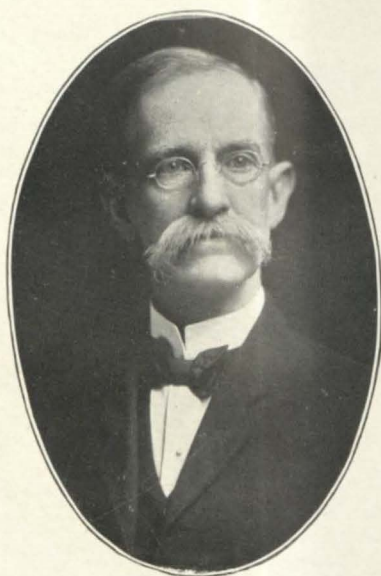
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MOTTO: *Non Mente, sed Animo*

FLOWER: *American Beauty Rose*

COLORS: *Red and White*

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Class Roll

MINNIE AKIN

"I like you silent; it more shows off your wonder."—*The Winter's Tale*, V., 1.

ANNIE BAERS

"This honest creature doubtless sees and knows more, much more, than she unfolds."—*Othello*, III., 3.

SUSIE BALDWIN

"She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind."—*Othello*, II., 1.

CAROLINE ALINE BRADLEY

"Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing; 'Twas mine, 'tis his."—*Othello*, III., 3.

MARY JOSEPHINE BARRON

"For men are giddy things and this is my conclusion."—*Much Ado About Nothing*, V., 4.

SAIDIE FLOWERS

"I can not hide what I am."—*Much Ado About Nothing*, I., 3.

ELOISE GUYTON

" . . . a finder-out of occasions."—*Othello*, II., 1.

LILLIAN HOLT

"O, she's the very soul of bounty."—*Timon of Athens*, I., 2.

NONA JOHNSTON

"Hast any philosophy in thee?"—*As You Like It*, III., 2.

MARY JOHNSTONE

"Our contentment is our best having."—*Henry VIII.*, III., 3.

ELIZABETH JONES

"I am not of many words."—*Much Ado About Nothing*, I., 1.

MARY JOE CARMICHAEL

"The gravity and stillness of your youth the world hath noted, and your name is great in mouths of wisest censure."—*Othello*, II., 2.

EVA CHILD

"They say you are a melancholy fellow."—*As You Like It*, IV., 1.

MAY BOYD CLARKE

"But I am constant as the Northern star, of whose true-fixed and resting quality there is no fellow in the firmament."—*Julius Caesar*, III., 1.

MARY LEILA COPELAN

"Ready with her blush, modest as morning."—*Troilus and Cressida*, I., 3.

GUSSIE FINNEY

" . . . Our little life is rounded with a sleep."—*Tempest*, IV., 1.

CLIO MABLE

"Fleet the time carelessly as they did in the golden world."—*As You Like It*, I., 1.

RUTH MARTIN

"Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all."—*Second part of Henry VI.*, III., 3.

ALMIRA MIZELLE

"Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep."—*Second part of Henry VI.*, III., 1.

ELOISE MOON

"'Tis death to me to be at enmity."—*Richard III.*, II., 1.

VESTA PACE

"The fire i' the flint shows not till it be struck."—*Timon of Athens*, I., 1.

PEARL PEACOCK

"Redeeming time when men think least I will."—*First part of Henry IV.*, I., 2.

WALDRON ROBERTS

" . . . And desire all good men's love."—*The Winter's Tale*, III., 3.

LIZZIE NEAL ROGERS

"Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical."—*As You Like It*, III., 3.

OPPIE LEE ROGERS

"What could be said against me."—*Henry VIII.*, II., 3.

WOODIE SCHLEY

" . . . But I do beguile the thing I am, by seeming otherwise."—*Othello*, II., 1.

ANNE DEBUTTS SHAW

"She that was ever fair, and never proud."—*Othello*, II., 1.

OPHELIA A. SMITH

"For I am nothing, if not critical."—*Othello*, II., 1.

SUSIE KEY SMITH

"She never was foolish that was fair."—*Othello*, II., 1.

SHELTON SAUTER

"Think of me as you please."—*Twelfth Night*, V., 1.

NATALIE THOMAS

" . . . So like your music that we desire you, of all loves, to make no more noise with it."—*Othello*, III., 1.

JULIA WADE

"A maiden never bold; of spirit so still and bold, that her motion blushed at herself."—*Othello*, I., 3.

ETHEL WALKER

"And weigh'st thy words before thou givest them breath."—*Othello*, III., 3.

HOPE WILDER

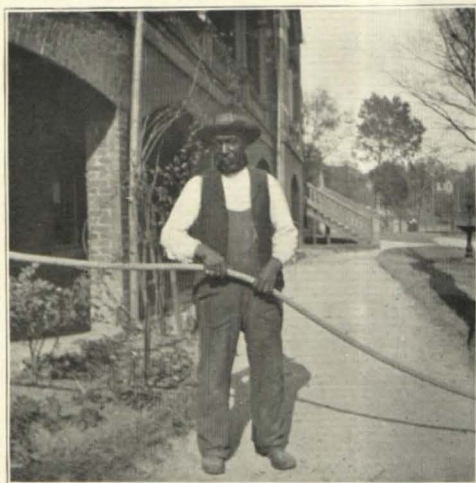
"She is a good creature."—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, II., 2.



MASCOT.



WILSON, Macon



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CLASS INVOCATION

Alma Mater! Thee we praise,
Hail, all hail!
We honor thee for length of days,
And with thy daughters gone before
Who thronged thy halls in days of yore
We cherish thee! We cry always,
Hail, all hail!

Loud our united voices ring
To-day in rapturous symphonies;
The past pours forth weird minstrelsies
And 'round our hearts sweet memories
Like breath of flowers, are clustering,
Hail, all hail!

In loud acclaim our hearts would say,
Hail, all hail!
We issue from thy halls to-day,
And join the throngs of bygone years,
Yet in our prayers, yes, mid our tears,
Will cherish thee, will sing always,
Hail, all Hail!
Hail! Hail! Wesleyan, hail!

CLASS SONG

Long in honor may'st thou stand,
Alma Mater, proud and free!
Joined be every heart and hand
As our praises rise to thee!

CHORUS

Wesleyan, hail! O may the peace
Dwelling in thy sacred walls
Fill our hearts! May heavenly grace
Strengthen us for duty's calls.

O may we who issue hence,
By true lives and virtues rare,
By a hallowed influence
Lift men heavenward everywhere.

CHORUS: repeat

Here we pledge to thee our love
Here we consecrate to thee
Hearts and hopes, to thee we'll prove
Loyal daughters, thine alway.

CHORUS

Hail! Alma Mater, hail!
All hail! All hail!

C. R. Forster.

Put to music by Edouard Hesselberg.

BIOGRAPHIES OF CLASS '05

The girls of '05 are interesting because there never existed thirty-five girls more widely different, yet all having so much in common. Our birthdays range from '84 to '88; our heights from 5 ft. 11, to 5 ft. 2 inches; our weights from 140 to 100 pounds; and our looks—well, you must judge that for yourselves.

Margie Burks has upheld the dignity of 1905 from the opening of the Freshman year, and as our president, she has planned all campaigns for Naughty-Five through many college battles. Wellington was not prouder of his veterans, nor Napoleon of his Marechals, than is she of the girls of Naughty-Five; and her proudest boast is that we have never struck our flag to the Spirit of Cowardice, and that the old flag has never trailed in the dust,—though it did on one occasion dip in the soup.

She is editor-in-chief of the college monthly and literary editor of the Annual; has harvested all the medals, and has a reader's place this year. Her greatest weakness is worrying the Burke Printing Company about typographical errors in the *Wesleyan* and about not getting out the *Wesleyan* on time. Another weakness is that she has tried to take every elective; and I believe if we should come to Wesleyan ten years from now, she would still be searching in vain for another course.

I heard some one remark the other day that Mary Joe Carmichael must be a very honest girl because all the moneys of the Senior Class, of the Y. W. C. A., and the *Wesleyan* were entrusted to her. But I know that is not the only reason, for she is known to be a great financier and a successful business manager. She comes from Jackson and entered the Sophomore Class. Now she is associate editor of the Annual. We hold her in awe because she has already before coming to us met with a great deal of success as a school ma'am and she often refreshes us with her experience.

Now Ethel Walker is one of the prodigies. She is from Jasper and entered as a Sophomore. At French recitations, and while dissecting specimens in physiology, she is troubled by an unaccountable activity of her lachrymal glands. We have never ceased to marvel over her physical recitations, and will ever speak of them as a wonder. She is one of the Senior place girls this year.

Waldron Roberts is a town-girl who joined us in our Sophomore year. She at once immortalized herself by her Latin translations, which were a marvel. As a Teaser and as business manager of the college monthly she now has an enviable reputation. Literature is her strong point, for she is always up with her work. Physiology figures are her delight and also a delight to her teacher. She is a very handy

friend, so the girls say, since she brings them biscuits. Waldron's great trouble at present is the automobile craze—but she may recover.

May Boyd Clarke, another town-girl, is the Senior actress. As Pandora, she won the hard heart of a critical audience and has played in several other star roles. She joined us in the Sophomore Class, and is distinguished more for her absence than for her presence. In Senior Literature, she has expressed only radical views, and her interpretation of Edmund in King Lear remains unchallenged to this day.

Lizzie Neal Rogers is another celebrity of the stage who starred with Clarke this spring. She joined us in our Junior year, and while reading *De Amicitia*, often assured us that she loved no one except the home folks. Her chief delight is misconstruing people's motives. As literary editor of the *Wesleyan*, she is the most dreaded person in the college, as she tries to wheedle you into writing a love-story which you are confident will not be worth reading before she informs you of the fact. She says the Burke Job Printing Office is the bane of her existence, but I am glad that it furnishes her an outlet for some of her charming sarcasm. At Wesleyan she is Senior Class poet, and has a Senior reader's place.

Pearl Peacock, from Eastman, can not be described so she says, and I know I am not going to try, for that is why she has so many pictures taken. When the Seniors were required to write a personal description, Pearl wrote not a word;—she just handed in her photograph. She entered Freshman and has stuck by us through thick and thin. She desires to be a teacher and promises to be lenient on all who say "I don't know."

Shelton Sauter and Myra Mizelle can not be separated in this biography any more than they can be separated elsewhere. Really we can hardly tell them apart. Both joined us in our Junior year and both are trying for a B.L. degree. Shelton comes from Ocala, Florida, and is interested in one individual there. She desires to teach psychology, so she can keep her book open once and read out of it in the class-room. Myra is an old reliable encyclopaedia. If you ever want any information, seek Myra Mizelle; moreover, should you ever have use for a good love-story for the *Wesleyan*, go to Myra, ye editor—for she knows all about love, as her recitations on the Emotions in Psychology prove.

Along with these come Child and Moon, for how could "the Child live without Mooney?" But these love not alone, and Lillian Holt ties the love-knot. This trio may be seen strolling around "most any old time." "T. Belle" (alias Eva Child), is from South Carolina and is the most dignified member of our

class. Everyone knows that "T Belle" is never in any disturbance and could not make noise if she tried, hence her name. When she entered the Sophomore Class, she was 'so short' that everyone stood in awe of her. At present, she is the sergeant-at-arms of the Senior Class, and president of the Athletic Association. Her one ambition for years has been to see Class Day of 1905 a success. But to this promising young lady, we must lay a serious charge, viz.—she is an anarchist; she started the mumps her Junior year, and did measles act about a month ago.

Lillian Holt is one of the honored founders of 1905, for she started in the Academy. She is so in the habit of coming to the college that we fear that even when her diploma is locked safely in her trunk, she will return for post-graduate work. Lillian is a Macon girl and is the best, the kindest, and the most generous girl in the world. The Senior Class is indebted to her for many good times and for being ever ready to help carry out their plans. She is the connecting link between noisy "T Belle" and studious "Mooney." The latter has been a marvel ever since she came that eventful September of 1901. Her 100 in Freshman geometry was the envy of every girl in college. Science has been her hobby, and her note-books are a thing of beauty. She has held many class offices and is one of the readers for Commencement.

Mary Jo Barron and Susie Baldwin are roommates and Seniors, so of course they have a great deal in common. They both enjoy baseball, Mercer receptions and boys. Susie is crazy over journalists, especially the editor-in-chiefs of college monthlies. She joined Sophomore year, and has done good work for the class in basket-ball. She has studied shorthand and typewriting, and is proficient. Mary Jo has been here four years. She comes from Clinton, and is a fair specimen of Jones County, where

"Thar's more in the man
Than thar is in the lan'."

She is the one Senior who was brave enough to wear a veil all Junior year and consequently has been the envy of the lower classmen. Barron has made quite a record at punning, and startled the French class one day, when Professor Koets, in discussing the origin of words, asked: "Young ladies, if we get patrimony from our fathers, what do we get from our mothers?"

"Matrimony, of course," answered Miss Barron.

How Minnie Akin ever became a Senior is a puzzle. She has done an enormous amount of work. When we were Freshmen, she took Bible as her only Freshman study, yet she gets a diploma May 31, 1905. Of her work nothing further need be said. At her home, she will ride in an automobile which her father promises on receipt of her diploma. "Fair exchange is no robbery."

Sadie Flowers of Blakely is another dignified Senior, but she was born dignified. She is loyal, her motto in life being, "We live for each other." Sadie joined us as a Sophomore and has proved beyond dispute that "Still water runs deep." As vice-president she was Burks' right arm, leading the charge against the Seniors of 1904 and was the hero of 1,000 battles.

Gussie Finney came from the great county of Jones, and has a grandma. Oh, how the Seniors envy Gussie her grandma! She entered Academy and has been battling with ill-health all her life. This can be seen from her glowing countenance and roundness of body. Gussie and her big knife have won as much renown in Senior physiology as Gussie and her big knife deserve when those boxes come and must be opened.

Vesta Pace is the class artist. Her Faculty pictures have become famous and will ever flash upon that inward eye "which is the bliss of solitude." She is from Plains and entered Sophomore, where she made a splendid physico record. She is the smartest girl in the class and loses no time because she is able to keep apace with her professors. She studies only the days when she knows she is going to be called on, not even needing her name dotted.

Hope Wilder, our Hope! Champion basketball player! One of the original thirteen Freshmen! She won great fame as a baseball player as Freshman, and has never lost a game for the class. She, too, is loyal, and lives for other people.

Elizabeth Davis Jones, otherwise plain Bessie Jones, more familiarly known as "Queen," arrived here during September, 1902. As a child, she was precocious, having such a remarkable memory that she can describe a journey from Hogansville, Ga., to LaFayette, Ala., made at the age of nine months. "Queen" always has something to do, and now at the last moment, is struggling in a death-grapple with Mythology. Her knowledge of German is marvelous, since she always appreciates German humor.

Woodie Schley comes from Columbus, where she did as many wonderful things as she has done at Wesleyan. She joined us in our Junior year and has had a very peculiar course. Latin is her hobby and undaunted by a grade of 93, she entered a higher study where

"Still achieving, still pursuing,
She learns to labor and to wait."

Woodie is a Senior of high dignity and lofty airs. She deserves much credit as a basket-ball player and as an actress.

Oppie Lee Rogers is the brightest girl that ever came from Eastman as Red Hair would indicate; so we are not surprised that she accomplished a three years' course in two. She is the shining light of the

Senior Class and won distinction on the basketball field.

Next come the Imps who are as impish as their names and pins would suggest. Nine girls in all and all of them different. Annie Barrs is a fair sample. She entered Freshman class where she proceeded to lose her heart and, sad to relate, has never recovered it, though it has changed hands a number of times. The world remembers when she threw herself at her lover's feet in Lamar's. That business of falling down right at the proper time has marked Annie all through her college course. Wherever she goes she spills hair-pins and so she can always be tracked. I wonder if that is why she is always caught up with. She got the only stain on the Senior flag, viz.: soup at the Sophomore banquet. As captain of the baseball team she won laurels which will never fade.

How Julia Wade ever became an Imp, no one knows, but perhaps appearances are deceiving. Julia came all the way from Smith's Station, Alabama, which is such a large place that it can not be found on the map. She entered Sophomore with Latin to make up. Julia is a very good girl, but something serious is the matter with her eyes. She does not like the boys and would not talk to one except on the train, for any amount of money. Her only fault is her enormous capacity for studying.

Mary Copeland is another one of those girls who is trying to do three years' work in two. As a consequence she is worked to death. Mary comes from Greensboro and is an Adelphian, a S. A. E., an imp, and a demon. She likes all Mercer boys, but lawyers in particular.

Cleo Mable enjoys the notoriety of being a twin. She is known as the most studious girl in college. No one can ever tell Cleo and Cliff when in a hurry, so very often one is asked for the other's debt. The twins have been with us two years and come from Decatur. The best joke the twins ever played was in the Junior-Senior basket-ball game, when Special twin played for Senior twin and no one was ever the wiser until several days afterward.

Natalie Thomas is an impish creature. She never studies, yet is going to get two diplomas in one year. She comes from Waynesboro and to hear her tell it, Waynesboro is the only place. Her health has been so poor lately that she has had three weeks' vacation. Natalie has a dramatic soprano voice and charms everyone who hears her sing. She received vocal medal 1904, and is the personification of indifference.

Eloise Guyton comes from Dublin. She entered the Academy and has been hard at work ever since. She is known far and wide for her cases, and everyone is interested in the mysterious "unknown" who brings her good things to eat. The "Life and Notes"

of this illustrious young woman are being compiled by A. Bradley. Her cases are too numerous to enumerate, being very short, but oh, how sweet.

"Is Ruth Martin a member of every club in college?" I heard some one ask the other day, and I hastened to explain that she was only a Philomathean, a Chi Phi, a Bluffer, an Imp, a Demon, a Walker, a Slipper, and a member of the present Senior Class. She comes from Columbus and thinks no place half so grand. She entered Junior, taking B.L., and is business manager of the Annual. Her voice and her foot are objects of much care and pride. She enjoys the reputation of being the neatest girl in the class.

Nona Johnston is very anxious to change her name, since she has so much trouble with the "t." She entered the middle of the Freshman year, but waited until she was Senior to make up algebra. She is a born poet; it is her strong point, and the only remarkable thing about it is the poetry.

The ninth Imp is Aline Bradley, of Carrollton. She has held class offices, and as local editor of *The Wesleyan* and associate editor of the Annual, has won much fame. She is a specialist in all lines, but left off pipe-organ at the earnest solicitations of her friends. She made the mistake of her life when she tried to graduate in elocution instead of vocal music; but as she is only the second graduate in elocution ever sent out from Wesleyan, of course she would not forego this honor. The attraction of her Senior year has been a red-headed man, who has sent her a life-size portrait and often sends long-distance telephone messages to let her know he is at church.

Susie Smith's past shows nothing momentous or extraordinary. Her one desire, so she says, is to have a good time, to have B.L. degree with no distinctions—"just plain so"—and to have enough money to get back to St. Louis. Susie entered Sophomore and she has been struggling through all these long years to get that diploma. She is Senior philosopher, since she believes "God is everything that is anything."

We now come to our class baby, but you would never know unless I told you—Miss Ann DeButts Shaw, who, like Gussie Finney, has a grandma. She was one of the Academy children and has ever upheld the dignity of 1905. She has held class offices, but in none did she so distinguish herself as when toastmaster at the Sophomore banquet, when she illustrated the now well recognized fact of her remarkable memory. For her Senior elective she chose to pursue a higher course in Latin prose composition. She is the fair college representative and is so presented to college professors at all college receptions.

Since I am only called upon to write a biography and not an autobiography, I add "I have told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

HISTORY OF CLASS '05

When Guildenstern said to Hamlet, "Good, my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you," and Hamlet replied, "Sir, a whole history," the courtier began to squirm and to change the subject. But this history may reveal to you the trials and the joys of a people making their way through the labyrinths of literature, science, and art, into the mysterious passageways of Psychology, on to diplomas.

When we first discern through the mists of antiquity this people who called themselves Senior Class of Wesleyan Academy—though we know better now as the class of '05—we find them dwelling in the northeast corner of the basement of the main building, a region that has since been cut up into four practice rooms. I am glad to say that from this pre-historic time, science has been able to preserve five fine specimen of this great people—Finney, Guyton, Holt, Shaw and Akins.

In that fall of 1901, these five moved out into the promised land of college life, whence they were joined by eighteen more girls. There twenty-five girls, from the young short-skirts to the tall, stiff dignities, perched on the desks of Mrs. Burks' recitation room to view the land, and to make immediate plans for organization. With no use for parliamentary laws, and still less knowledge of its usage, officers were elected: Margie Burks, president; Nan Shaw, vice-president; Edwina Walette, secretary; and Johnny Hogan, treasurer.

Business was rapidly disposed of. Every member of the class was on each committee, and freedom of speech rigidly adhered to. Occasionally the president would call for a vote, and the eager voters had their first taste of representation in government. That afternoon, a motto, "*Non mente, sed animo*," was chosen; a flower selected, the American Beauty rose; and red and white chosen for colors. Besides these, a constitution was drawn up, and plans made for monthly literary meetings.

When Chuppie Allen screamed at seeing a rat scamper across the recitation floor, hearts sank and girls sighed, not because Chuppie had their sympathy, but because Miss Allen would call for a theme describing the event. When no girl got up a sensation, however, the "Lamentations of a Freshman" were required, and the groans and the lamentations!

With unerring judgment, the Juniors patronizingly entertained the Freshmen with a hare and hound chase. However, the children of large "pride" in small bodies showed their appreciation in the trolley ride given to the Juniors, when with brilliantly-lighted cars, the college world learned that '05 was a moving class, and that '03 was one much beloved.

All departments of college study were open to them except science, but the Sophomores promised to admit them into the mysteries as soon as they had put away childish ways. Journalistic ability appeared, however, in the writings of Freshmen, and both the college journal and the annual were indebted to them for their brightest articles.

In September, when classes gathered again, the '05s could be recognized by an "I've-been-here-before" expression, as they showed the awe-struck Freshmen where to find the teachers. But those forty-five Sophomores grew sentimental, getting every day crazier about the Seniors. Blushing, embarrassment, heart failure and empty purses were the symptoms of this almost fatal mania. It was due to a "case" between the president of the '03 and '05 that the Sophomores obtained their beautiful flag. But mental balance was preserved by the solid problems in physics and trigonometry, as by the slightly dampening effects of the "Ancient Mariner."

This was the year the Naughty-fives were social leaders, distinguishing themselves at their banquet. The teachers and faculty were present, but found it so hard to talk at a *banquet* that they busied themselves in another and better way, except one dear professor, the dean of the faculty, who toasted so long that he saw three courses served and removed, and viewed each departing course with anxious eye. But his fasting is still appreciated, for it showed a willingness to do his best for the class that *might* become a good class, as he had often vaguely intimated.

As the sergeant-at-arms was proudly waving the beautiful red and white banner over the heads of happy Sophomores, *down it went into the soup!* Unto this day there remains the stain, honorably won and battle-scarred, a reminder of a jolly banquet—and bouillon.

With painstaking secrecy, the Sophomores planned action for class day, and slyly stole the Seniors' and Juniors' songs, and prepared a red rose wreath forty yards in length. With such equipment, the class Naughty-five honorably participated in the exercises, delighting the Seniors, but for some reason infuriating the jealous Juniors.

"Some Sophomores are born with dignity,
Some achieve it;
Some have dignity thrust upon them."

The day of final examination, all appeared with trailing skirts, (borrowed with so much trouble from the Seniors). As often as possible they would move to the professor's chair, ask a question, and stalk solemnly back, looking over the shoulder at the beautiful sweep of the train. They were Juniors—almost.

Their ardor was slightly cooled, however, when the professor remarked, "Young ladies, you are a trifle premature. None of you have yet passed in my department!"

The next great movement in history was in the next fall. After the State Fair closed, the Juniors bought out the Jones County exhibit, in order to give their Freshmen proteges a Hallowe'en party. Cinderella's godmother never worked swifter than did Junior fingers, as the Alethean Hall, now the Infirmary, was transformed into a sylvan bower, with a country store in one corner, and a gypsy tent in another. Pumpkins and squash became death's heads, garlands of luscious apples were festooned from the ceiling, while lurid sulphurous flames lighted the scene.

After gas bell, white-robed figures filed silently down the college steps, traversing dark corridors, and passed out into the stilly night. From all dark nooks and corners, grinning ghosts looked out upon the frightened Freshmen. At the pass-word, "Pierced skull, and bloody bones," the Alethean door opened and closed behind them.

The greatest acquisition to class of '05 that year was a sure enough fortune teller. Girls flocked to Katie McLaggan's room at all hours of the day, to learn if they were destined to a life of "single blessedness." Those teachers already past the score and ten years were often seen, eagerly questioning Katie as to whether there were any hope or not.

The healthiest condition of the year was the spirit of rivalry between the Juniors and Seniors. It was no uncommon thing for the Seniors, on returning from a reception, to find their doors locked, and they always knew who were responsible. Especially did class spirit run high as Class Day approached. The '05s, who would not pledge themselves not to get a little fun from the holiday, had no part to take in the exercises, but were notified by the president that they could attend the exercises as the rest of the public. They could frighten the Seniors with secret meetings, however, and whisperings in groups. In order to excite the curiosity of the Seniors and Sophomores, oft they went at dusk to Crumps on a trolley ride, each Junior bearing on her sleeve a red '05. How relieved the Seniors felt to see them go, but they were surprised to hear and see the Juniors coming back, waving their banners.

Quietly they filed into the chapel, with not even recognition from the ushers, but they gloried in the fact that their flag hung over the door, and that every

class had to march under the outstretched banner of '05, signifying their subjection. After the brilliant performance of their rivals, they slipped out, and the mass of people were deafened by the yells of the Juniors to the Seniors, and the Sophomores pouring out maledictions upon the Juniors. Suddenly a request came for silence, and with slow steps and fearful thoughts, each class quietly filed home. No more class spirit nor rivalry! No exultation nor joy.

The Angel of Death had come to Wesleyan while all girls were happy and was removing one who, by faithful work and loving nature had won the affection of every student. Before another day had passed, Miss Skaggs had gone to be with God. Dear Miss Skaggs! loved matron and friend; the class of 1905 tenderly and reverently pay this tribute of love, and will ever hold you in loving memory.

The fall of 1904 brought the long-looked-for day. Seniors at last, recognized leaders and no longer having to "look up" to a class above them. But only thirty-four of the forty-five, only thirteen of those original founders of this great organization, returned to duty.

Athletics were the fashion during the fall term. The Senior basket-ball team won the championship, after never losing a match game.

On March the twentieth, the '05s had the honor of acting as escorts to Mrs. Catherine Benson at the ceremony of the laying the first brick for the Susannah Wesley Memorial chapel. Then each Senior, with bated breath, placed around and above this brick one on which was inscribed her own name and '05.

In only a little while this Senior class will have passed from college ken, and Class Day and Commencement will live only in dreams. We go with great plans for the future, yet with reluctance we yield our places to '06. But Naughty-five has done more than frolic; it has been a revolutionary body for great and wholesome reformation. With pardonable pride we record the results of the warm and enthusiastic class spirit of the '05s. All narrow lines the languages—ancient and modern—has "Drunk deep of the Pierian spring." You find in her ranks great scientists, great mathematicians, great tone poets, great literary and art critics, classical scholars, journalists, business managers, poets, philosophers, and a historian.

"Now, dear under-graduates, we remind you,
You may make your lives sublime
And as we do, leave behind you
Footprints on the sands of time."

TO THE WESLEYAN GIRL OF '05

"It might have been," with fruitless sigh
The faintheart, gazing backward, cries.
"It shall be," shouts the conquering will,
And gives no place to useless sighs.

Heaven's grace inspire thee! Then thy life
Shall garner rich results of good,
And beauty crown thy radiant days
The guerdon of true womanhood.



BE TRUE

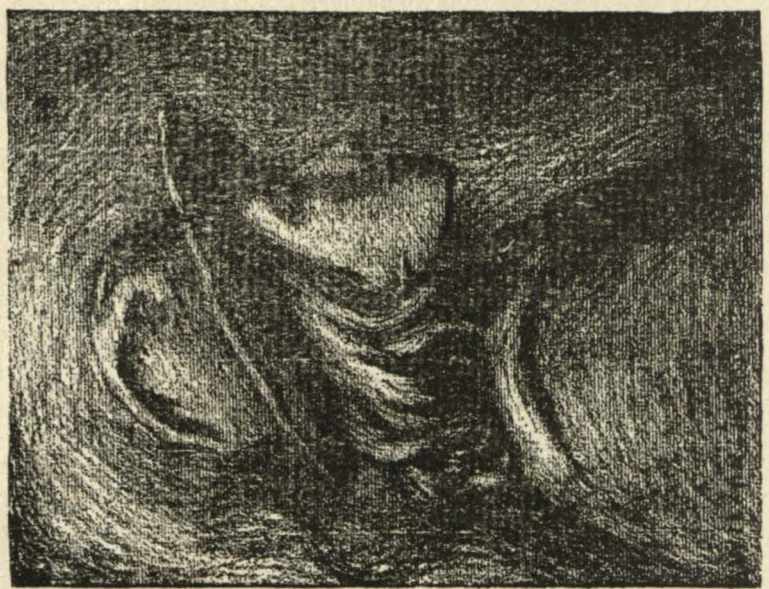
(Dedicated to the Naughty-Fives.)

The poets sing of a Golden Age
When Truth and Right and Love did reign.
But now 'tis gone, and never more,
Say they, shall it come back again.

And yet, I trow, true souls may bring
Its halcyon days to earth once more.
Be true. Then shalt thou know thy years
More blest than faded days of yore.

And thou shalt hymn a nobler strain
Than ever filled a dreamer's heart.
If truth shall be thy buckler sure,
Thy Golden Age shall ne'er depart.

ПРОФИЦУ





WILSON, Macon



WILSON, Macon



WILSON, Macon

PROPHECY OF CLASS '05

A Dream of Fair Women

After a long day of rummaging among old papers and souvenirs of college days, I sat at my window in the gloom of the fading day. The shadows of evening were growing too heavy for my weary eyes, and, unconsciously, I let slip from my hand a small magazine while I remained unmoved, oblivious of everything present, and thinking only of my old days at Wesleyan. I had been reading the June number of the *Wesleyan* of the year 1905, which told in graphic language all about our Class Day. Yes, it has been a long time since then, although in youth the years slip by without a reckoning. My days at that grand old College were in the dim distance, and other duties and pleasures had almost crowded out of mind thoughts of the old days, but memory is a hard thing to expel when urged on by a reminder such as a college paper. And now my thoughts are with my girlhood days, five happy years of which were spent at Wesleyan. I recall the presidents of the College, the teachers, my friends, and class-mates, and all those who were graduated with me. We have never met together again, not since we said "good-bye" the night of our banquet—we who fought so valiantly shoulder to shoulder through all the College struggles, and who shared with one another so much joy. I am at College again and am living over all the many bright hours in which the class of '05 participated—the banquets, receptions, class days, and lastly our triumphant graduation day. It was at these times that we learned to know each other well and found out how great was our love for our class and College.

The sun sank lower and lower—only the amber and lemon yellow beams from the last rays played on the horizon. The colors were deepening and intermingling into the grayness of the twilight. The chill of evening was rising around me. But unconscious of the beautiful change going on, I sat with my head on the window-sill remembering.

It was May thirty-first, nineteen five. As I recalled this scene, a deep sadness filled my soul and a mist seemed slowly to rise up and fill my eyes until all was misty around me. I was no longer in the past but was actually speaking with the girls in the present, and the strangest part of it was that I saw them, not all together, but they were scattered over the face of the earth, some in one place, and some in another.

Can this be Ophelia A. Smith playing professional baseball? Now all eyes are turned toward her, and loudly do the voices jeer when she "muffs" an easy "fly." Ophie, I remember, was a ball enthusiast,

and would become so wrought up when *her* University was beaten that she would nearly lose her mind; vow that if she had had such and such a play to make, she would have made no error, and enumerate all the possible scores that Mercer could and would have made. But who would have dreamed of Ophie's throwing away her intellectual strength on baseball?

The dream of my life is realized. At last, I can hear the grand opera. How beautiful are the chorus girls! Why, there are my old class-mates, Pearl Peacock, Natalie Thomas, Nona Johnston and Ruth Martin. I am not shocked at seeing them there as I recall to mind that their first appearance in opera was at Wesleyan during their Senior year when the "Silver Cloud" was presented.

As the opera scene faded away, old Wesleyan rose before me. That must be the Susannah Wesley Memorial, completed since our day, and there is another dormitory, the Hardeman Building and a gymnasium, all newly built. I wonder who has Mr. Guerri's place. Why, Mary Joe Carmichael. The board of trustees had become convinced that it would take a woman to rule at Wesleyan, and that Mary Joe is the one woman best suited for the place. I wish you would look at her interviewing those two frightened girls for breaking unconsciously items M and N, of Rule 69. I can even hear her say clearly, in her same voice grown sterner under the responsibility of her new position: "Young ladies, you are restricted to the premises for seven weeks, except in cases of Providential cause and attendance on religious service."

Ethel Walker is the teacher of physiology at Wesleyan. There she stands explaining to her class the structure of the human skeleton without even making the slightest shudder or shedding a tear for the one departed, just as though she had always been accustomed to taking such things without tears.

I look again and to my greatest amazement see Eloise Guyton conducting a dancing school at the old College. Well, the Wesleyan girls are certainly with their few light rules, allowed many privileges. I understand that Eloise stayed at college so many years that she felt out of place anywhere else, so had to go back and keep up her reputation "casing," and Eloise is a fine college detective, on the "Unknown Friend."

Look at Julia Wade—a bride. There she is as pretty as ever she was as a college girl. Well, she waited a long time for the wedding march to strike up. How I wish some one would tease her, so I could see her blush.

Mary Joe Barron and Susie Baldwin are sent out by the United States Government through the Southern States to put up stations for the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy. They are now at Wesleyan putting up one to be connected with the principal points in town—Mercer, Isaacs, John S. Hoge's and the baseball park.

What shocked me most, and yet I can not say it surprised me so much, was to see my old friend and class president, Margie Burks. I am in a magnificent theater, witnessing Shakespeare's great tragedy, *Othello*, and there in the middle of the stage she stands as "*Desdemona*." Poor Margie! she had met with two bitter disappointments at Wesleyan. The dream of her life was to have her class present a great drama, but two flat refusals from the president and faculty broke her heart. After graduation, she tried to have the whole class go on the stage to finish raising money, as she said, for Susannah Wesley Memorial Fund, but I think she wanted them to do this out of spite.

A sudden change and see! Outside of town on a large signboard a woman is painting an advertisement. I recognize Vesta Pace, and stop to chat about the good old days. She tells me that she could easily have been a Raphael, but after careful thought, decided to cater to the popular taste, so she put aside her ambition, and finds painting posters and advertisements more profitable.

Scene followed rapidly one after the other, and I seemed to be at one place and then again somewhere else with no time intervening.

Lizzie Neal Rogers, the cynic, is a journalist whose especial duty is to criticise the love poems that are submitted for publication. I must say that she certainly ought to know how for she had enough of it to do as literary editor of the *Wesleyan*.

Can this be Woody Schley with wings all over her as if she were about to fly? Yes, it is. Poor Woody lost her mind perfecting the flying machine. Ever since the Sophomores gave the Seniors that toboggan slide, Woody seemed not quite right. She went to work on this invention and tried to make everything fly. See what over-enthusiasm will do for the young!

I am very much surprised at seeing Annie Barrs at Wesleyan in charge of the Davenport building, the fine new gymnasium. I wonder how Annie engages in such work without wearing her hair down in a long plait. What a time she used to have with that hair! I hesitate and then ask her to tell me the charm that keeps it from falling down. Forthwith, she shows me a remarkable hairpin which she has just patented, and owing to its remarkable service to all athletes, she hopes to realize a fortune. I am glad that Annie is doing so well.

Whom do I next see but Minnie Aikens up to her tricks flirting with the boys on the streets. I thought that time would remedy that, and I am so astonished that I just stand and look at her until she is out of sight.

Now I am walking along the pike at the World's Fair held in Macon, on the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of the city. I see a crowd gathered around some one, and on going closer I find her to be the Great White Mahatma. While she sleeps, the interpreter standing over her is revealing to the anxious people the magician's innermost thoughts. What! Amazed, I stand as if petrified. It is not the Great White Mahatma, but Myra Mizelle. I can but laugh! The studious Myra must have spent her Junior year taking lessons from Katie MacLaggan, the great and only fortune-teller. But to think of Myra telling such a story for the sake of a little money! No one ever dreamed of her in this light.

Going on down the pike, I see Saidie Flowers up on a stand, selling all kinds of quack medicines. She is advertising especially her newest cure for all ailments—insomnia, studying, laziness, heartache, homesickness, Sunday headaches, kleptomania, quarrelsome dispositions and cutting recitations. I only regret that Saidie had not made this discovery in our day, for then we all could have been graduated with medals and honors.

I am not surprised at seeing my old class-chum, Aline Bradley, in a convent. Something seemed to weigh upon her mind in her last year at Wesleyan. There were rumors of many suitors to her hand, and of her not knowing whom to choose. If such is the case, I do not wonder at her becoming a nun. When I ask her how such a change in her life came about, she only smiles sadly and tells me how the past has gone by, and that she lives only in the present. Some say that Aline thinks she looks well in a nun's attire and poses as an advertisement for Dr. Flowers' "*All Trouble Cure*." But I can not believe that she would sacrifice everything in the world to vanity and put her religion to such a base use. But maybe she is going to found a home for the heartbroken.

Waldron Roberts, through the influence of some of her best friends, studied law soon after leaving Wesleyan, and is now retained on the leading legal questions of the day, even while Dean of the Law Faculty at Mercer.

May Clarke is a widow. May always thought that she would look beautiful in black, and she had an eye for business. She was a rich old man's darling for three very happy years, when he most considerately died, leaving her his fortune. Now she consoles herself with a long black veil, a pug dog and a coy look.



WILSON, Macon



WILSON, Macon



WILSON, Macon



WILSON, Macon

Gussie Finney is a brilliant pianist and makes farewell tours annually. Her last farewell concert tour included only New York, Boston, London, Paris and Berlin.

On inquiring about Bessie Jones, some one tells me that at her home she has charge of a matrimonial bureau as general manager and chief hypnotizer. Especially do the young men confide to her their many affairs, and when once she tells them what to do, they go away with minds perfectly at rest.

Ever since the Russian-Japanese War, Oppie Lee Rogers and Hope Wilder have been holding tent-meetings from place to place in Japan and are determined to spend their lives as missionaries, to help the conquerors in a spiritual way. They even find time to teach school occasionally.

We were all so glad to get invitations to Eva Child's and Eloise Moore's weddings. They married the prominent politicians, Smith and Jones, Woman's Rights candidates for the presidency and vice-presidency of the United States. Unfortunately, Smith and Jones were defeated. Each man blamed the other, and very foolishly "T Belle" and "Mooney" took up their husband's quarrels. Now the wives never speak, nor do they even nod when passing face to face on the street.

Lillian Holt, the traveling secretary for the Home Mission Society, has tried in every way to bring together again her two old friends, but so far without any effect. She even neglects her mission meetings to go to Charleston, hoping to make "T Belle" and

"Mooney" bury the hatchet. While visiting one, she is not allowed to see the other. I see her now on her way home after the usual unsuccessful trip.

Mary Copelan and Olio Mable are the famous astronomers of the day, and while Olio takes the observations, Mary makes the mathematical calculations. They have discovered a new planet, and have named it Hinton, after their beloved and faithful teacher, Professor James C. Hinton, whom they have succeeded.

In New York City, Shelton Souter has been head nurse at a hospital for dogs and cats. She made a world-wide reputation as an eye, ear and throat specialist for these animals, and is now making a greater name for herself than did Pasteur in our day, for through her efforts rabies is almost unknown.

Suddenly, some one calls me by name and I feel a hand laid on my shoulder. Indistinctly I recognize Susie Smith. I rise to greet her, but instead I seem to be falling, and not able to catch myself. The room shakes violently. I awake and find myself lying on the floor. Is it possible that Susie did not call me, and was not standing by me? Can it be that I have slept and only dreamed of the girls? The room was apparently totally dark. I rubbed my eyes and looked around. Only the stars, heralds of the night, mocked me with their merry twinkle. I run into the kitchen where I found Susie getting supper for us.

CLASS OF '06

MOTTO: "Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that
which is good."

FLOWER: *White carnation*

COLORS: *Lavender and white*

Officers

OCTAVIA BURDEN President
ANNIE LAURIE MALLARY . . Vice-President
BERTIE TAYLOR Secretary
NONA HENDRY Treasurer
MATTIE HAYS ROBINSON . . Sergeant-at-Arms
ANNABEL HORNE Historian

Yell

Eulala, Eulala
Lavender and white
Zip, boom
We're all right.
Rah—rah—rah—rah
Rah—rah—Rix
Juniors, Juniors,
Nineteen-Six!

Class Roll

BALDWIN, ELIZABETH	KITCHINGS, NANNIE
BECKHAM, MARILU	LEWIS, MARTHA
BETHEA, ARGENT	MABBETT, REBECCA
BRADLEY, JANIE	MALLARY, ANNIE LAURIE
BRYAN, NELLIE	MEANS, ALINE
BYROM, JULIA	MCRAE, LOU
CHAPMAN, AGNES	MILLER, MYRA
COUNCIL, PENCY	MONNING, LOUISE
CULBREATH, ANNE JEAN	OLIVER, MAE
DARDEN, ESTELLE	OVERBY, LUCY MILL
DAUGHTRY, INEZ	RILEY, JENNIE
FELDER, HELEN	ROBERTS, MAIE DELL
FENN, LOUISE	ROBINSON, MARTHA HAYE
FREDERICK, ELIZABETH	ROSS, CLAUDIA
GARBUTT, LULA	SCHLEY, LEILA
GARBUTT, NELLIE	SMITH, LAURA
GODDARD, ANNE	TAYLOR, BERTIE
HENDRY, NONA	THOMAS, BERTA
HILL, ELIZA	THOMAS, GEORGIA
HOLLIS, ELIZABETH	THOMAS, LOUISE
HORNE, ANNABEL	WHITE, TOMMIE
JOHNSTONE, JULIA	WHITE, ELIZABETH
KING, MOZELLE	WILCOX, DAISY
WILLIAMS, LEILA	





WILSON, Macon



WILSON, Macon

HISTORY OF CLASS '06

Of the girls traveling collegeward in the fall of 1901, no brighter set of girls could be found anywhere than those entering Wesleyan Academy as Senior Academy pupils. There was no class organization until the Freshman year, and the first president was Miss Mary Loehr, of Shanghai, China. She resigned in the spring, and a new election was called. Miss Octavia Burden, of Macon, Georgia, was elected president. At this meeting, with the assistance of Mrs. Cobb, a constitution was drawn up, and all class matters duly arranged; the white carnation was chosen as the class flower. In the beginning of the year red, green and white were selected as class colors, but at this meeting the question was brought up, and it was decided to have lavender and white. The motto is "Prove all things; hold fast to that which is good."

Of course, these girls went through the usual trials of poor Freshmen, scarcely seen by the haughty seniors, patronized by the all-wise Juniors, and scorned by the naughty Sophomores.

Wesleyan opened September 1902, and these new Freshers, "Green as grass," with wide open eyes as they listened to the secrets of college life and timidly yet with brave hearts, tried to talk learnedly of being "old girls" and to speak condescendingly to "new girls, who didn't know any better, poor things." With quaking hearts they dreaded the mysteries of Hallowe'en, when ghosts robed in white, chanting Sophomore yells, should put the Freshmen to torture. Their dreams were nightmares, their waking thoughts occupied with knowledge of hard lessons to be mastered, yet they bravely struggled on through the intricacies of Virgil and Ovid, or wrestled with problems of algebra that would not come right, and perhaps a few tears told that these brave little women were thinking of "home and mamma."

That they were not daunted by the accumulated piles of work waiting for them in the years to come is shown by their yell:

"Gee whiz! Gee whiz! Ain't we in a fix—

Won't get our 'dips' til nineteen and six!"

With the help of Miss Skaggs, the dearly beloved matron, and Miss Brown, the elocution teacher, they planned a picnic at Loraine; they went in a band wagon and enjoyed the ride and the day in the woods very much. Of course, the good things to eat did not make their pleasure any less.

On class day, they nobly did their parts with their songs and yells.

Commencement came and went. Examinations were over, and the Freshmen had become Sophomores. In September, 1903, they at once made their person-

ality felt; what scrapes they did get into! Hear their yell:

Boom-a-lacka—Boom-a-lacka—Bim—Bam—Bix

Hurrah for the Class of Nineteen Six.

Hip, hip, hip! hah, hah, hah!

Wesleyan, Wesleyan, Rah, rah, rah!

O-n-e, T-w-o, T-h-r-e-e

Soph., soph., Sophomores we.

The poor physics teacher tore his hair at the pranks of these Sophomores, who would not be dignified, who did not like physics "specially," who groaned over his awful examinations, who could not name the parts of a bicycle, nor tell how to put it in working order.

And as for geometry! Why, one day, the teacher was detained a moment or two and when he arrived he was confronted with empty benches. The class had cut! What the professor said to them at their next recitation those naughty Sophomores have never told. Ah, no! As the spring days advanced, they began to plan to give to their firm friends, the Seniors, the biggest entertainment ever given at Wesleyan. Great preparations were made. The guests were received in the beautifully decorated parlors, and greeted with a song of welcome by the entire Sophomore class. The principal features of the entertainment were a merry Easter egg hunt, and a contest, the composition of a class yell. Miss Fannie Sheffield was awarded the prize, a gold hatpin, engraved with the numbers "'04-'06." The Senior favors were white rabbits tied with lavender ribbon; those of the Sophomores, tiny candy chickens. Miss Verdery Akin gave the toast to the Seniors. Miss Helen Roberts responded with this recipe: "Toasted Sophomores: Select material that is tender and trustful, thrust into an oven moderately heated with complaints and suspended privileges, but mercifully tempered with thin slices of sheepskin and a delicate seasoning of gold medals." This delightful entertainment was brought to a close by a "Good-night Song," sung by the Seniors.

Of course, the never-absent Sophomores took an active part in Class Day. They marched in, wearing hoops, wound with green leaves, over their shoulders, to the words of this song: "Yum, yum, fiddle diddle bum, hump stump, flum-a-diddle, ara bubble, rigdum, jigdum, body mody, Cairo, Dilco Diro, yum yum, fiddle diddle bum!" They gave their song and laid their hoops at the Senior's feet.

In '04 they returned to Wesleyan as Juniors! Though feeling the weight of Junior dignity, they took their accustomed part in the gaieties and labors of college life, and were soon at the front, striving to

be first in everything; to have the best basket-ball team, the best lessons, the best entertainments, and the most fun. The lavender and white was floated on every occasion; the basket-ball team was soon acknowledged to be one of the best in school and this fact was demonstrated by their winning two out of the three challenge games, defeating the Specials and Sophomores. The Junior-Senior challenge game was the event of the basket-ball season. After a plucky fight, the Juniors were defeated. The Seniors entertained the two teams in the "gym" that night with a little feast in which good will was everywhere manifest. They proved that they were wide awake by being the first to get sweaters for their team, first to have a photograph of team made, and first to get class pennants. Chemistry had now taken the place of physics, and they told the Sophomores: "Just wait until you take chemistry, *then* you may talk of having hard work. Why, in that old laboratory we have to do all kinds of work, wear rubber aprons, mix acids and stuff, and lots of it is deadly poison; you all are too young to handle dangerous work. I tell you, we have to study now, and as for literature, wait 'til you have to write an original paper on such subjects as 'Savage Animalism is nothing; Inventive Spiritualism is all.' Wait 'til you take Logic and Political Economy; why, it's simply awful!"

In November, they gave an autumn entertainment to the Freshmen. The parlors were suggestive of the woods, quantities of autumn leaves being effectively used, together with palms, ferns, and a profusion of

yellow chrysanthemums, which charmingly represented the Freshmen colors, which are green and gold, a graceful compliment to the guests of the evening. After the guests had assembled, "broken quotations" were distributed. Next came a guessing contest, in which the rhyming conundrums were to be answered by names of trees. The prize, a lovely hatpin in the design of an enameled autumn leaf, was awarded to Miss Martha Weaver, a member of the class of '04, so dear to Junior hearts. The unanimous verdict of the guests was "these Juniors know how."

In February the Juniors were entertained by the Freshmen, who celebrated the Japanese victories by giving a Japanese tea.

Just before the North Georgia Conference met, Prof. LaPrade, the Logic teacher, resigned to resume his duties in the ministry. In token of their appreciation of his work, the Juniors gave him a beautiful silver pitcher and goblet. The class is always awake on benevolent enterprises, so it pledged \$75 to the Susannah Wesley Memorial, and its members are active in mission and Y. W. C. A. work.

Confident that we have the best girls in the best class in the best college in the best world, we wave high the lavender and white, and leave you with the best wishes of the class of '06.

Eulala, Eulala, lavender white,
Zip boom, we're all right.
Rah, rah, rah, rah, rix!
Junior, Junior, nineteen six!



WILSON, Macon



WILSON, Macon



WILSON, Macon



WILSON, Macon





WILSON, Macon



WILSON, Macon

CLASS OF '07

FLOWER: *Daisy*

COLORS: *Gold and white*

Officers

BLANCHE CHAPMAN . . .	President
ANNE CLEGHORN . . .	Vice-President
TATUM POPE . . .	Secretary
CLAIRE MONROE . . .	Treasurer
MARY SKAGGS . . .	Sergeant-at-Arms
HAZEL HARRIS . . .	Historian

Yell

Hi yi—Hi yi
Chap—Chap
Chow—Chow
Sing—Song
Sow—Sow
Dum—Dum
De—Do
Hum—Hum
Ho—Yo
Sophomore!!

Class Roll

ASKEW, FANNIE	HOBGOOD, ETTA
BALCROM, MARY	HUGHES, THESIE
BATTS, SALLIE REIDE	JAMES, PEARL
BLAND, WILLOLA	JOHNSON, EVA HILL
BRADLEY, CARRIE	JOHNSON, WILLIE MAE
BRANHAM, SARAH	KENT, EFFIE
BRIGGS, EDNA	KILLEBREW, LILA
CHAMBLISS, ANNIE	KING, NANNALINE
CHAPMAN, BLANCHE	LYLE, ISABEL
CHAPPELL, MARTHA	McKELLAR, ELLA CLARE
CHEVIS, RHODA	MOREL, NELLIE
CLEGHORN, ANNE	MOSELEY, ELIZABETH
CONEY, JULIA	MOSS, JANIE
DEKLE, ETHEL	MUNROE, CLAIRE
EASTERLIN, LOCA MAE	POPE, TATUM
ELLIS, WILLIE	TAYLOR, ALICE
ERMINGER, WILLIE	TURNER PEARLE
FISHER, MAUDE	TWITTY, LUCY
FLOWERS, ELLA	VAUGHN, SALLIE
HARRIS, HAZEL	WITTE, ELIZABETH

HISTORY OF CLASS '07

The Sophomore class at Wesleyan has always been the largest and most ardent class of girls in college. The class of this year, at the beginning of the fall term of '04 had about forty members, a number which, for various reasons, has been subject to fluctuations, but which has never been decreased materially. One of our number tried another college after Christmas, but she liked us so well that it was not long before she returned. I said that the Sophomore has always been the most ardent class of girls in college; and the class of this year is not different in this respect from those which have preceded it. All through the term they have shown their lively spirit in every line, especially in social circles and in athletics.

The class first manifested their ardor socially, near the beginning of the fall term when the Seniors were invited to spend an afternoon at Crump's Park, "sliding the slide."

The Seniors accepted, of course, and both classes, chaperoned by several of the teachers, boarded the cars, and went to the park, where they spent an afternoon in merrymaking. The Seniors all forgot their newly acquired dignity for that afternoon, and the slide was kept busy for about three hours, the woods all around ringing with the screams and laughter of the merry-makers. At Christmas the Seniors invited the Sophomores to a Christmas-tree, on which was found an appropriate gift for each girl, which was presented by Santa Claus.

In athletics the Sophomores were hard to beat, even by the Juniors. Everybody has surely heard of the Sophomore basket-ball team. If they have not they should have, because the team did some playing that was worthy of acknowledgment. Even the Juniors found it rather a difficult task to win a game from the Sophomores; but they would not tell it. At the Junior-Sophomore game, the loyal Freshmen did all that their lungs would permit to aid the Juniors, but they might have saved their yells for some other occasion for they gave the Juniors no assistance.

In the class-room the Sophomores have made a record even more brilliant than that made in the drawing-room and in the athletic field, but it will be unnecessary to tell you all the trials and joys that have beset the path, for I am sure that every class historian who has ever written has told them all, and they are always the same. It will be enough to say that in our Sophomore year the joys have over-balanced the sorrows and that we feel sure that in coming years we shall be able to look back upon this period as one of the happiest of our lives.





WILSON, Macon



WILSON, Macon

CLASS OF '08

FLOWER: *Marechalniel rose*

COLORS: *Green and yellow*

Officers

MAYBELLE JONES	President
ROSA BELLE WARD	Vice-President
MARY BELK	Secretary
ELIZABETH HINES	Treasurer
ANNE TRACY DUNCAN . . .	Sergeant-at-Arms
EDITH MARTIN	Historian

Yell

What's the matter with the Freshmen?

Ho Ha Hey

They're O. K.

Freshmen! Freshmen!

Ho Ha Hey

Yackety Yack, Rock Rock

Yackety Yack, Rock Rock

Hullabaloo, Hullabaloo

Hod you do, How you do

Freshmen!

Class Roll

BELK, MARY	HOUSTON, LILIAN
BEYER, MARGUERITE	HOWARD, SADIE
BURDEN, ALICE	JONES, MAYBELLE
DUNCAN, TRACY	MARTIN, EDITH
HILTON, MAUDE	NORMAN, SAIDIE
HINES, ELIZABETH	TERRY, SCOTIE
HOPKINS, RUTH	WARDE, ROSA BELL
WILLIAMS, MATTIE	

HISTORY OF CLASS '08

No class has ever made a more creditable record in a shorter space of time than the class of '08. When Wesleyan opened last September, eighteen miserable, homesick girls began work as the smallest class in college. But we have shown that it is the "who" and not the "how many" that counts.

As is customary, the first important step that we took was the election of class officers, and in this we got along beautifully. You might ask those two Sophomores who were peeping at the window, how we settled the only little dispute which arose. Their help, however, was not especially needed; they only wanted to make us appear "rather fresh."

Our class reception in March was a great success and everyone there thought it was "dead cute."

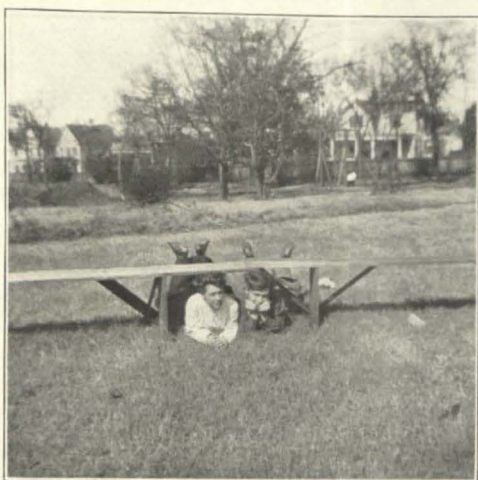
In athletics—well, I hardly think that I can praise our basket-ball team enough! We surely did do some wonderful work before Christmas. We beat every team that we "ran up against" except the Specials, and they beat us only once.* Now isn't that an enviable record for a basket-ball team?

In the class-room we have shown ourselves as well fitted for the year's hard work as in athletics, so it goes without saying that our record has been unequaled.

The fact that this is the history of the Class of '08 is evidence that the record of the Freshman year of the Class of '08 is finished. It has been a successful year as you have seen, and we are confidently looking forward to even greater glories in the future. When we reach the goal may we be able to show to the "Big Seniors" of '04 that their "Little Seniors" have carefully guarded the trust confided to them, and have kept the orange and green waving over a united and loyal class.

*Only one game ever played and that was with the Specials.





WILSON, Macon



WILSON, Macon

SPECIAL CLASS

MOTTO: *Drifting, not roving.*

COLORS: *Gold and purple.*

Officers

MARTHA DRAKE WEAVER	. . .	President
MARGARET COOPER	. . .	Vice-President
BESSIE PENDLETON	. . .	Secretary
BESSIE BRADLEY	. . .	Treasurer
TENNIE CHAMBERS	. . .	Sergeant-at-Arms



HISTORY OF SPECIAL CLASS

Where shall we begin to speak of the possibilities of the Specialists?; for this twentieth century is the century of specialists, two hundred and sixty-two of which may be found at Wesleyan. This organization had its birth in 1904, Miss Pearl Seers of Valdosta being the first president. Great enthusiasm was manifested at once after organization, and now we can say that we are the *only* class at Wesleyan.

Volumes could easily be written about this "wonderful body," all of whom are prodigies. Our colors are purple and gold, representing royalty and real worth. Our motto—"Drifting, not roving"—is certainly characteristic. We are the rambling, jolly, gay and giddy girls, and as such we are proud to have the honored name "Specials" given to us.

Can not you, without a moment's hesitation, contrast us with those whose motto is "Duty before pleasure," "Do not put off until to-morrow what you can do to-day." "The early bird catches the worm." We enjoy life, and never worry over anything; and like all driftwood, we float down the stream in some old way, at some old time.

If we can work and play with plenty of time to chat with our friends "occasionally," it's only living

up to the old adage, "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

Our class deserves especial mention for the fact, it has always been the social leader during the past two years. Our banquets and entertainments have never yet been surpassed. We have taken the lead, too, in the athletics of the College, winning the championship in tennis, baseball, and basket-ball.

We shall receive from the trustees at the approaching commencement, all the diplomas given in the art department, and seven of the twelve diplomas given in the conservatory of music.

"By their fruits shall ye know them."

Our principle is to work by contraries, for "'tis a poor rule that will not work both ways." For instance, "Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise." Well, we are late to bed, and *very* late to rise, but we are just as healthy and the wisest people here, and have money to burn.

"Specials, Specials, finest at Wesleyan,
Specials, Specials, best in the lot;
While the others are pining
We, the Specials, are shining—
Seniors, Juniors, Sophs, and Fresh,
We've got you 'skinned a block.'"

LELLA'S BABIES



Officers of Senior Academy Class

ALICE BONNELL	President	ANNIE TAYLOR	Treasurer
ALMA MITCHELL	Vice-President	LULU MEANS	Sergeant-at-Arms
MOSELLE FOSTER	Secretary		



WILSON, Macon
MARGIE BURKS.



WILSON, Macon
ELIZA HILL



WILSON, Macon
LIZZIE NEAL ROGERS



WILSON, Macon
ALINE BRADLEY



OPHELIA A. SMITH



WILSON, Macon

MARY J. CARMICHAEL.



WILSON, Macon

WALDRON S. ROBERTS



WILSON, Macon

LOUISE MONNING



WILSON, Macon

ELIZABETH WILSON.

THE WESLEYAN STAFF

MARGIE BURKS.....Editor-in-Chief
ELIZA HILL..... }Literary Editors
ELIZABETH NEAL ROGERS... }
OPHELIA AUGUSTA SMITHExchange Editor
CAROLINE ALINE BRADLEY.....Chairman Local
Committee
MARY JOSEPHINE CARMICHAEL } Business Managers
WALDRON STOVALL ROBERTS.. }
LOUISE MONNINGBook Critic
ELIZABETH WILSONArt Critic

In Memoriam

Miss Josephine M. Skaggs

OUR BELOVED MATRON

May 11, 1864—May 13, 1904

“Asleep in Jesus, Blessed Sleep.”

Memento

Remember me!
Keep some fair nook for me
In memory's garden bright;
Train there forget-me-nots,
Jasmines and lilies white.
There let the deep perennial tide
Of friendship's stream flow full and wide.
Remember me!

C. R. F.

YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

MOTTO: *Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of hosts.—Zech. 4:6.*

PURPOSE: *To win young women for Christ; to build them up in Christ, and to send them out for Christ.*

Officers

LOULIE BARNETT	. . .	President
LOUISE MONNING	. . .	Recording Secretary
ROSA BELL WARD	. . .	Corresponding Secretary
CLAIRE MUNROE	. . .	Treasurer

The Y. W. C. A. of Wesleyan College was organized in 1897, and since that time has been a great factor for good in the institution.

Daily vesper services are held and on every Saturday night special meetings are arranged, consisting of musical and literary programs and addresses from the ministers and other Christian workers of the city.



YOUNG WOMEN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY

"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

Officers

ELIZABETH N. ROGERS	. . .	President
HOPE WILDER	. . .	1st Vice-President
ELOISE MOON	. . .	2nd Vice-President
MARY JOE CARMICHAEL		Recording Secretary
LOULIE BARNETT	. . .	Corresponding Secretary
GUSSIE FINNEY	. . .	Treasurer

Monthly meeting last Sunday night of every month.

The Wesleyan Missionary Society, which is the first Juvenile Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, was organized in 1881 by the late Mrs. Juliana Hayes, president of the Woman's Board of Missions.

This is a voluntary association managed and conducted by the girls and such members of the College family as choose to engage in it. The dues are for-

warded to the Woman's Board of Missions, and other money and voluntary contributions are disposed of as the society thinks best.

Wesleyan stands not only the "Pioneer college for the higher education of woman," but more than thirty years before there was such an organization as the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, this "mother of colleges" had trained her daughters and sent them to the uttermost parts of the earth with the message of peace and love. As early as 1848 Julia Jewett heard the call, "come over and help us," and she carried the light of the gospel into "Darkest Africa." Later she was followed by her sister, Eliza Jewett.

In 1859 Mary Houston, the bride of noble Young J. Allen, was seven months crossing the Pacific in a sail-boat, to reach their work in China.

While Wesleyan looks with pride to those former students of the College who went into foreign fields, she turns with equal pride to the home-land, where hundreds of her children bless the world in their efforts to uplift humanity.

WESLEYAN'S MISSIONARIES

India

Mrs. ELIZA JEWETT HARTWELL }
Mrs. JULIA JEWETT HARTWELL } Died there.

China

MISS LAURA HAYGOOD. Dead.
Mrs. YOUNG J. ALLEN }
Mrs. GEORGE LOEHR } Still there.
MISS EMMA GARY }
MISS MARY CULLER WHITE }
Mrs. MARY ALLEN TURNER. Returned.

Korea

MISS MARY KNOWLES. Now there.

Brazil

Mrs. ELLA GRAMLING TUCKER. Now there.
Mrs. LIDA HOWELL DICKSON. Dead.

Mexico

Mrs. TOCHIE WILLIAMS MACDONELL. Returned.
New secretary of Woman's Board of Home Missions Society of M. E. Church, South.

South

MISS PAULINE DUNLAP. Returned.

Indian Territory

Mrs. IRENE LUDSLEY HOLT. Dead.
Mrs. ADDIE SINGLETON BRANHAM. }
Mrs. LILLIE PIERCE GREEN } Returned
MISS CLAUDE MIDDLEBROOKS }
Mrs. ALICE CULLER COBB, traveling secretary of the
Woman's Board of Foreign Missions of M. E.
Church, South.



YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION

During the fall of 1903, Mrs. Adah Wallace Unruh of Portland, Oregon, organized at Wesleyan a Y. W. C. T. U. This is a part of the new movement all over the United States to organize Unions in the colleges. In honor of Lady Henry Somerset, the loved president of the world's W. C. T. U., the college "Y's" are called "Somerset Y's." The Wesleyan Somerset Y. was the first organized in our State; LaGrange following a week later. The work of the College "Y" is chiefly educational—questions along

the lines of temperance works are studied, one evening of the twilight service each week being devoted to a certain topic, embracing character studies, departments of work, christian development and setting forth the aims and purposes of the "Y" work. The correspondence carried on between our "Y" and other "Somerset Y's" has been very encouraging and we have exchanged many good suggestions.

The following officers have served for the past year:

INEZ DAUGHTRY . . . President
LOULIE BARNETT . . . Corresponding Secretary
MARILU BECKHAM . . . Recording Secretary
ETHEL WALKER . . . Treasurer
VICE-PRESIDENTS: OPPIE LEE ROGERS, Senior;
MYRA MILLER, Junior; ANNIE CHAMBLISS, Sophomore;
MILDRED ADAMS, Freshman; FLORENCE KIMBROUGH, Special; VIOLET MORGAN, Academy.



WILSON, Macon

TENNIS CLUB



WILSON, Macon

BASEBALL CLUB.



WILSON, Macon

BASKET-BALL CLUB.

OFFICERS OF ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

EVA CHILD President
TENNIE CHAMBLISS Secretary

Tennis

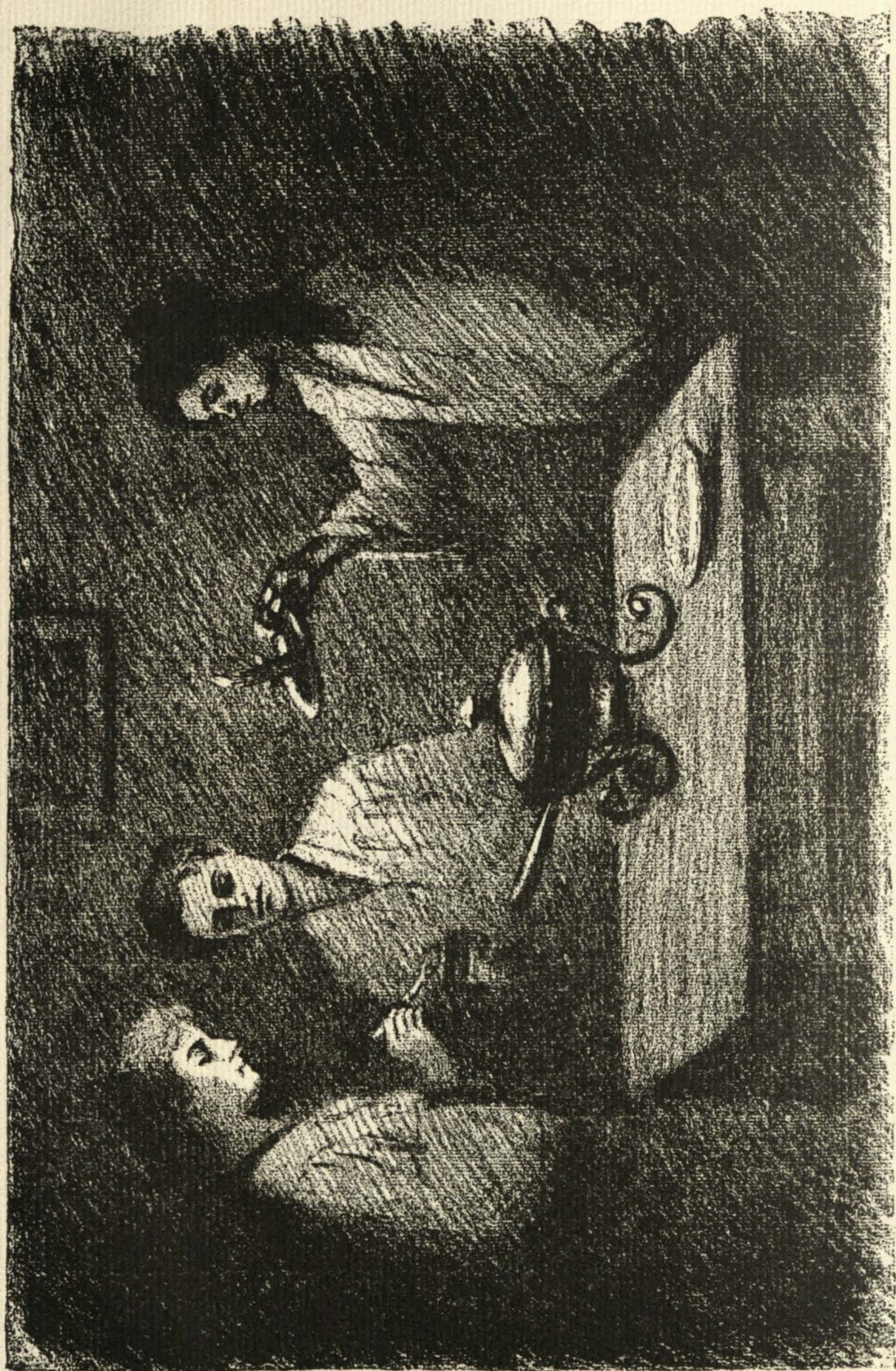
WILLIE ERMINGER
TENNIE CHAMBLISS
RUTH CUNNINGHAM
EVA CHILD

Baseball

MARTHA WEAVER
TENNIE CHAMBLISS
MARY JOE CARMICHAEL
RUTH CUNNINGHAM
SUSIE BALDWIN
EVA CHILD
ANNIE BELL HAM
MARY TIGNER
ADELE SALLEY

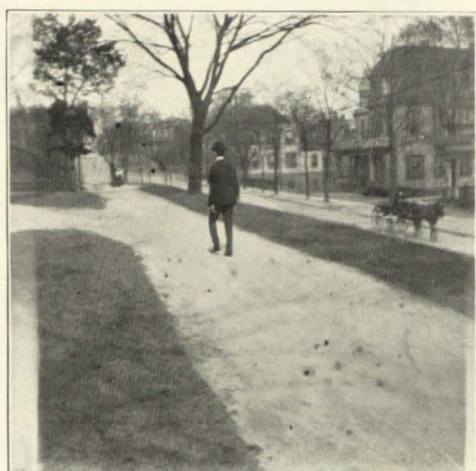
Basket-Ball

ELOISE MOON
MAMMIE CALLAHAN
ETHEL WALKER
LEILA SCHLEY
CLAIRE MONROE
BESSIE PENDLETON
TOMMIE WHITE
ELIZABETH HUIE
MARGARET BUYER





WILSON, Macon



WILSON, Macon

A FEW RECIPES

(None will succeed if not used after 10 P.M.).

Chocolate Fudge

First it is desirable to borrow a chafing-dish. Matron will supply the alcohol if a sick enough tale can be put up. If this is not possible, cooking over the gas is permissible. Steal the sugar, beginning a few days beforehand. When asked what is in the doily, put up a tale about a sick room-mate. Milk is desirable. If it can not be obtained, water flavored with listerine may be substituted. Assemble a select company of kindred spirits, placard the door with "Strictly Private," seat the guests around the chafing-dish upon whatever articles of furniture may be convenient, and begin.

Put into the chafing-dish

2 cups sugar

1 cup milk (or water)

Butter size of nut

Chocolate to taste.

Heat over Bunsen flame for ten minutes. Pour up in the bowl, cut with paper-cutter or penknife, and serve hot.

Next morning at 6:30 join your pious room-mate, who sat on a trunk in the hall while the feast was in progress, in raising sand over the state of the bowl. Ocmulgee river water is so muddy.

Gelatine

Collect all the glasses on your floor and arrange in line on the window-sill. Wet the Jell-O, fill glasses and leave in window all night. It is best to make it on the side of the annex toward the laundry, as soot, gives it an appetizing flavor. Lie abed until 8 o'clock in the morning and punctuate your dressing with spoonfuls.

Pop-corn

Let the hostess do the work.

Balance a chair on four books, mount cautiously, taking care not to spill the corn. Pop over Bunsen flame. (Every student of chemistry should be able to manipulate the burner). If the process is too long, it is not necessary to have it all popped. A few raw grains will aid the digestion.

Fried Eggs

Of course you must have eggs, which can be obtained at the "little store" for twenty cents per dozen. Butter may be obtained as was the sugar in the foregoing recipe. A metallic pin-tray heats rapidly, and to keep the hands from burning, it may be easily held with curling-tongs. Break the egg in toothbrush stand, stir vigorously with pencil. The pin-tray should hold one tablespoonful at a time.

After heating the egg several minutes, salt and eat while hot. The top of a talcum box will serve as a spoon.

A GLOSSARY OF WESLEYAN SLANG

- Blooming*, adj.—Simply used for emphasis.
- Chapel*, n.—Religious service for the purpose of making announcements.
- Complaint*, n.—Card sent home for failure to do duty.
- Cooked*, with pronoun *him* (objective).—To reduce someone to a "let down" feeling. See *Sat upon*.
- Cram*, v.—Strenuous exercise of gray matter at the eleventh hour. Further explanations needless.
- Crush*, n.—Mutual admiration society between two girls lasting two weeks or until the monthly supply has given out.
- NAN SHAW.—"The joys of a crush."
- Cut*, v.—To stay away from a recitation without providential cause; more pardonable when student is expecting to be called on.
- Dead cute*, interj.—Used on all occasions.
- Dig*, v.—Hard work done by person of little mental ability.
- Exam*, n.—Inquisition held every two weeks in the Science Department.
- Fierce*, adj.—Terrible, awful.
- Flunk*, v., with prep. *out*.—To fail in an exam. or recitation.
- OPHIE SMITH.—"I flunked out in Calculus."
- Grand*, interj.—Used to express admiration or delight.
- Grind*, v.—See *dig*.
- Gym*, n.—Gymnasium.
- Headache*, n.—Special affliction of brow that comes on Sunday about 9 A.M.
- Hit*, v.—Make an impression; generally good.
- Math.*, n.—Mathematics.
- Permission*, n.—Leave to go to town, or note from home requesting certain privileges.
- Quiz*, n.—Diminutive exam.
- Occasion*, n.—(a) recital.
(b) reception.
(c) lecture.
in short, something held in the Chapel.
- MR. GUERRY.—"Our occasion to-night."
- Sat upon*, v.—A state of being produced (generally by teachers) wherein the victim has a "let down" feeling. (Subjective, see *cooked*).
- Soup*, n.—Beverage served daily at Wesleyan. Monotony varied by having different shades and flavors occasionally.
- Special*, n.—One who boards at the College, and sometimes practices.
- Speel*, v.—To talk with a purpose.
- Speeler*, n.—One who speels. i. e., LILA MITCHELL.
- Spooney*, adj.—Sentimental state. See *crush*.
- Stunning*, adj.—Loud, but stylish.
- Talking it some*.—See *speel*.
- Tough*, adj.—Particularly hard or difficult.
- Used up*.—State of being immediately succeeding cramming or any unusual mental exertion.
- 'Um some*, following a verb.—To a great extent, exceedingly.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF WESLEYAN FEMALE COLLEGE

It is a well-known fact that Wesleyan Female College is the first chartered college in the world to exercise the prerogative of conferring literary degrees upon women. But the founders builded much better and much wiser even than they knew. They could not know that they were setting in motion a train of influences that would be felt beyond the confines of civilization, and would play a definite and important part in the shaping of the world's history. The magnitude of the undertaking was vastly greater than the casual reader may suppose, for it was before the conveniences of modern travel, and the only means of raising money for founding the college was by public contributions. Georgia and Alabama were not intersected, as now, by railroads, nor was journalism perfected as now, so those friends of woman mounted their horses and traveled from one end of the country to the other, in order to get the attention of the public ear and to solicit funds.

Foremost among the men to originate the idea of this college was Dr. Lovick V. Pierce, who, from the first and even to the close of his life, was the loyal friend of the Institution. He was appointed traveling agent by the projectors of the college, who had placed it under the protection of the Georgia Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

For two years he traveled, and what difficulties he encountered, how many adverse criticisms and positive objections he met with will only be revealed when Time becomes Eternity. Some of the most trivial and absurd protests were made, and the higher education of women was openly laughed at. At last, through the unselfish and untiring devotion of its founders, the enterprise was successful, and the Institution became by charter the Georgia Female College. The first official record is of the following names, appointed in 1836, to act as Trustees:

James O. Andrew, John W. Tally, Samuel K. Hodges, Lovick Pierce, Ignatius A. Few, Alexander Speer, William Arnold, Thomas Sanford, William J. Parks, George F. Pierce, Elijah Sinclair, Henry G. Lamar, Jere Cowles, Ossian Gregory, Robert Collins, E. Hamilton, George Jewett, Henry Soloman, Augustus B. Longstreet, Walter T. Colquitt, Jas. A. Nisbet, Robert Augustus Beall.

In June, 1838, the Trustees elected a president and one professor and the other professors and officers the following November. The site of the building was beautiful Encampment Hill, since known as College Hill, which is one of the highest hills that crowns the Ocmulgee.

On January 7, 1839, with the following Faculty, it began its work:

Rev. G. F. Pierce, President and Professor of English Literature.

Rev. W. H. Ellison, Professor of Mathematics.

Rev. T. B. Slade, Professor of Natural Science.

Rev. S. Mattison, Principal of Preparatory Department.

B. B. Hopkins, Tutor.

John Euhink, Professor in Music.

Miss Lord, First Assistant in Music.

Miss Massey, Second Assistant in Music.

Mrs. Shelton, Matron.

Mrs. Kingman, Department of Domestic Economy.

A. R. Freeman, Steward.

The opening of the College was even then regarded as an epoch in the history of the age. John C. Butler, in the history of Macon, says: "It was an occasion of great interest, and deep and thrilling excitement. A large and respectable number of citizens of Macon assembled in the College Chapel to witness the opening exercises. The hopes and the plans of the friends of the College, and the speculations of its enemies, and the eager delight of the congregated pupils, all conspired to invest the services with an interest additional to its intrinsic importance."

On the first day ninety young ladies enrolled their names as pupils, and during the term the number was increased to one hundred and sixty-eight. The views of the great and good men who started this enterprise were too liberal for the cramped financial condition of the age. They, themselves, became responsible for the salaries of the professors and officers, and debts were incurred and accumulated. Creditors threatened to close the doors of the Institution and take away every chance of higher education for women.

The College was actually sold and bought at sheriff's sale and turned over to the Georgia Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The president and Faculty of the Georgia Female College resigned and were immediately elected to fill similar places in the Wesleyan Female College, the new name given to the Institution. The College was saved from an entire failure largely by the extraordinary efforts of Rev. Samuel Anthony and William H. Ellison. They went to Mr. William Scott, of Vineville, and asked him to suggest a means by which the College could be continued. It was through his advice that the present plan was settled on. The original Board of Trustees of Wesleyan Female College were as follows:

W. H. Ellison, James O. Andrew, Lovick Pierce, William J. Parks, Samuel Anthony, G. F. Pierce,

John W. Tally, Peyton R. Smith, Alfred T. Mann, John P. Duncan, James E. Evans, N. B. Powell, James Dean, Peter Solomon, William Scott.

In the first Faculty there were only four professorships. Of course all the other branches were taught, but the work was divided among the other teachers.

In 1859, the graduates of the College, wishing to revive friendships formed in their girlhood, and to contribute to the prosperity of their Alma Mater, formed themselves into an association called the "Alumnae Association of Wesleyan Female College." Alumnae meetings are held triennially. Mrs. C. E. Benson, the first graduate, still lives in Macon and takes a great deal of interest in the College from which she graduated.

During the war between the States, after other institutions of learning had closed their doors, Wesleyan was not at any time suspended. The bell was taken down and moulded into balls for the Confederate army, but was replaced by one of St. Michael's chimes.

In 1881, Mr. George Ingram Seney of Brooklyn, N. Y., donated \$125,000 to the College as a loving tribute to his mother's memory. Of this amount he designated \$50,000 as a permanent endowment of two chairs, one to be called the "Lovick Pierce Chair of Mathematics and Astronomy;" the other was called by the Trustees in his honor, the "Seney Chair of Mental and Moral Science." The remainder of the gift was used in improving the grounds and building. Appreciating the gifts and the noble christian character, the Faculty, by sanction and hearty approbation of the Board of Trustees of Wesleyan, set apart May 12, Mr. Seney's birthday, as a regular College anniversary, to be known in the College Calendar as "Benefactor's Day," and to be annually celebrated with appropriate literary and musical exercises. The girls hold Mr. Seney in loving memory, not only for the comforts that surround them, but for the pleasure of having another holiday. In the beginning, no holidays were observed except Christmas, but now to the Calendar have been added Thanksgiving Day, Memorial Day and Benefactor's Day. The last is now observed as Senior Class Day, and class spirit and feeling run high on May 12.

In 1897 Wesleyan adopted lavender and purple as colors and learned a yell. The following commencement, while the Trustees were in session, a crowd of returning picknickers arrived at the College and horrified the Trustees by giving the yell! A message was sent at once from that august body that in public, Wesleyan girls must be seen and not heard.

In 1873 Mrs. Annie E. Carlyle, the first and only music graduate of that year, received her diploma. The first woman to receive a diploma in Art at Wes-

leyan was Mrs. Ella Barnes Delacy. A diploma in Elocution was given in 1907 to Mary Lyndon. Wesleyan will confer a second degree upon Miss Aline Bradley this year.

The Trustees provided for courses in bookkeeping, stenography and typewriting about twenty years ago.

Miss Ola Bond was the first graduate in violin, being awarded a diploma in 1903.

For years, it was the custom to confer the degree of A.M. upon graduates ten years after they had graduated; this, however, was discontinued in 1886.

Wesleyan now offers the following degrees:

Literary, A.B., B.L.; Music (piano, voice, violin), B.M.; Art, B.A.P. et L.; Elocution, B.A.E. When a required course in any branch is completed a certificate is awarded to that effect.

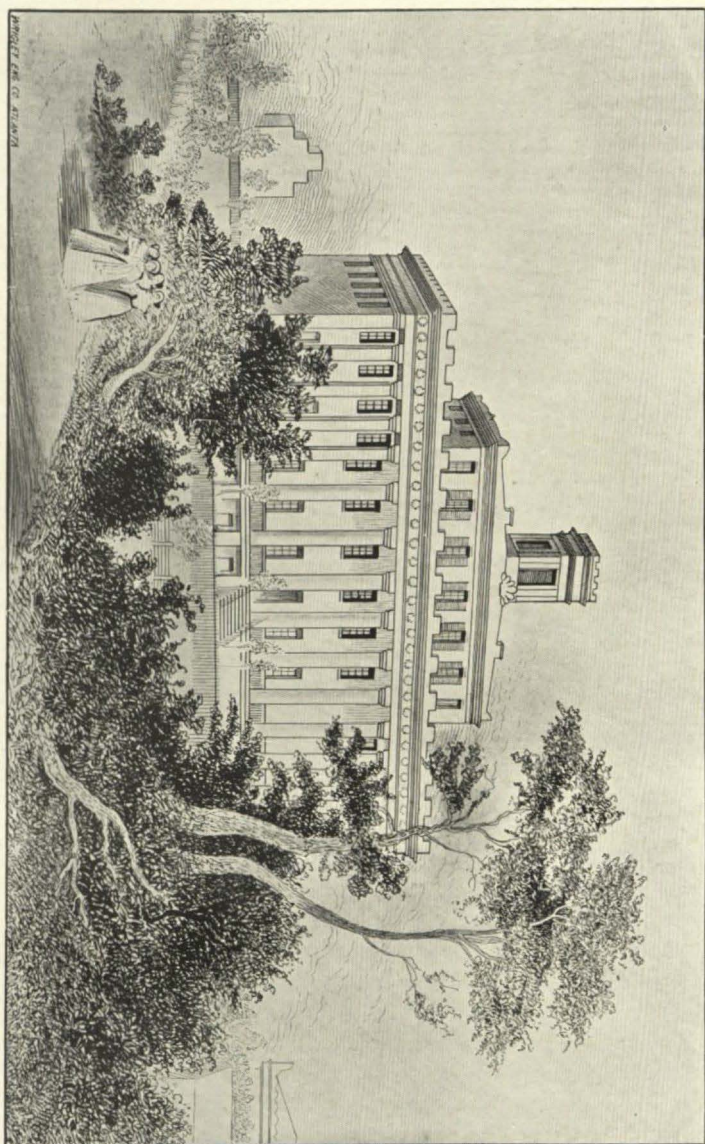
A great deal of excitement was created when the B.L. course was instituted. Newspaper reporters got the impression that it was some honorary degree or special distinction and devoted half a column to the subject. The two graduates in this degree were showered with praises and congratulations.

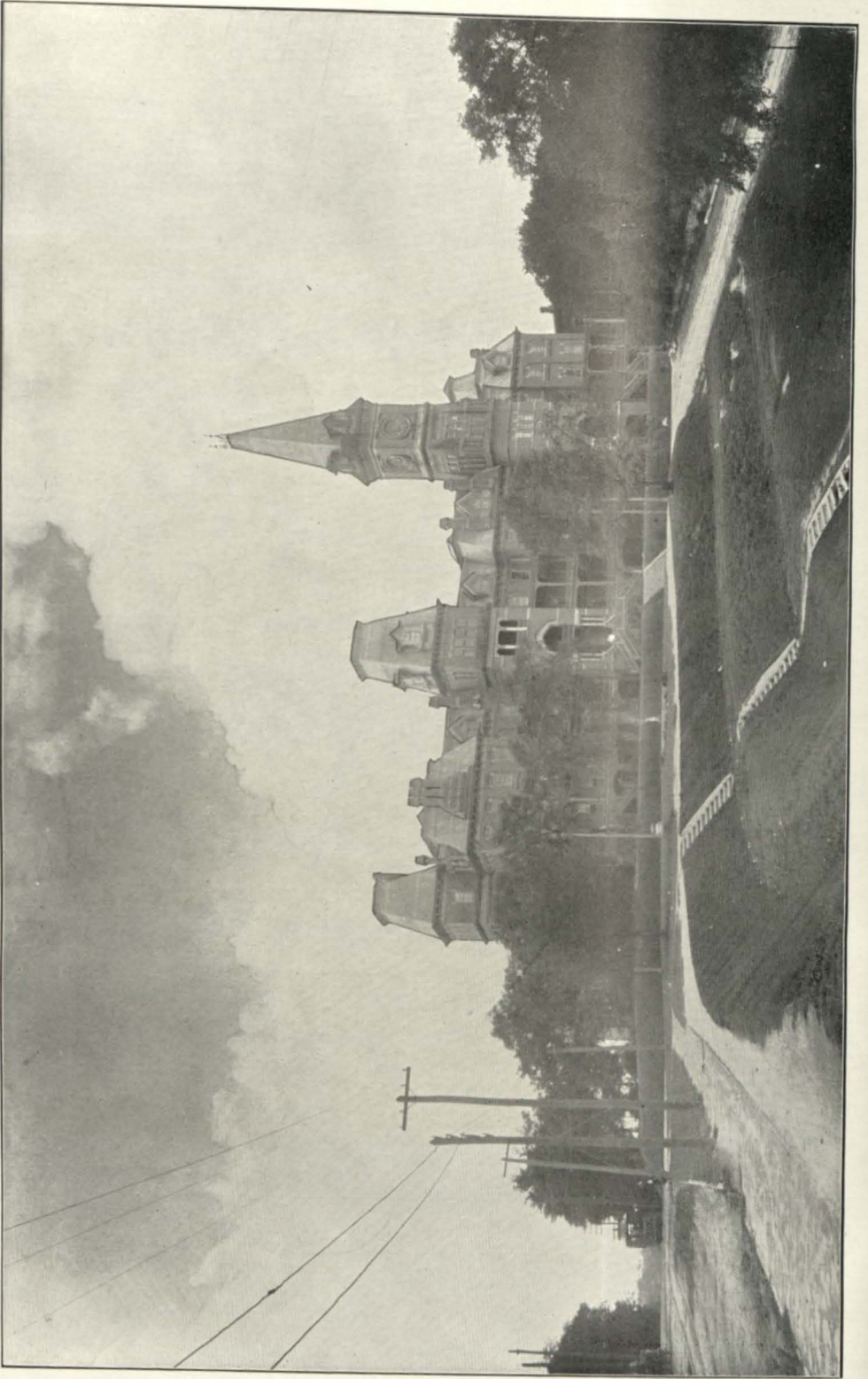
In 1900 the Board of Trustees decided to erect a new dormitory in order to provide for the students applying for admission. This building was completed in 1901 at a cost of \$125,000. The ground floor is devoted to the Academy and the departments of Natural Science and History.

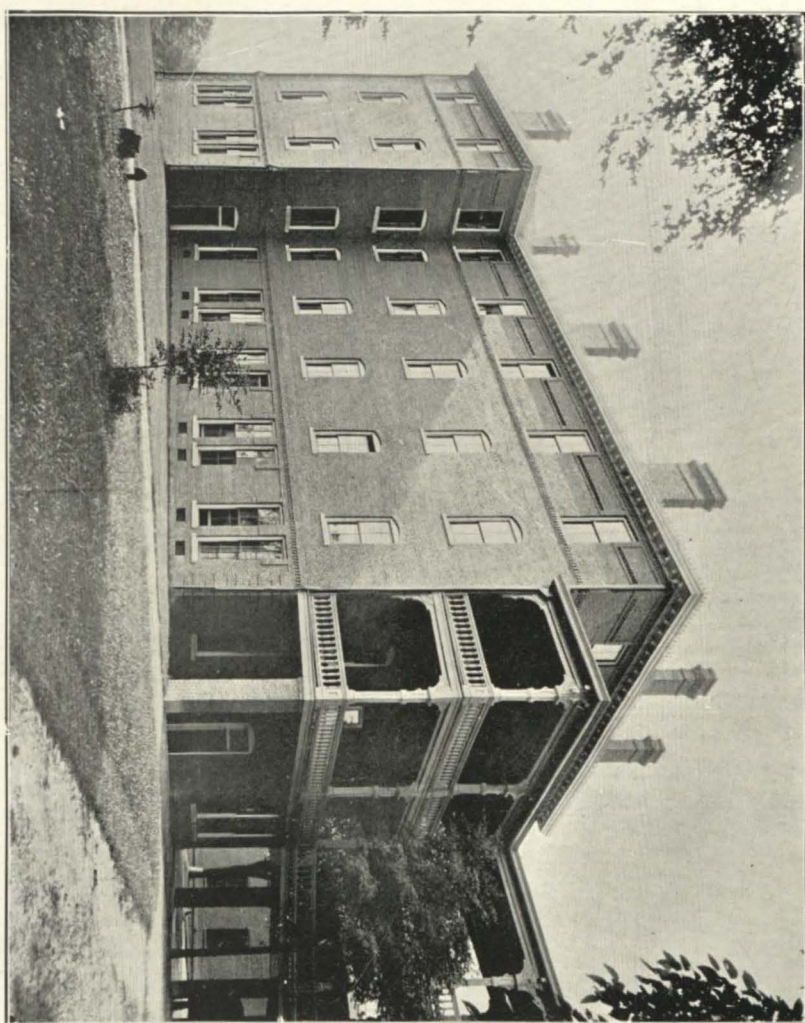
Work on the Susannah Wesley Memorial is now progressing rapidly, and a new recitation building looms in the near future.

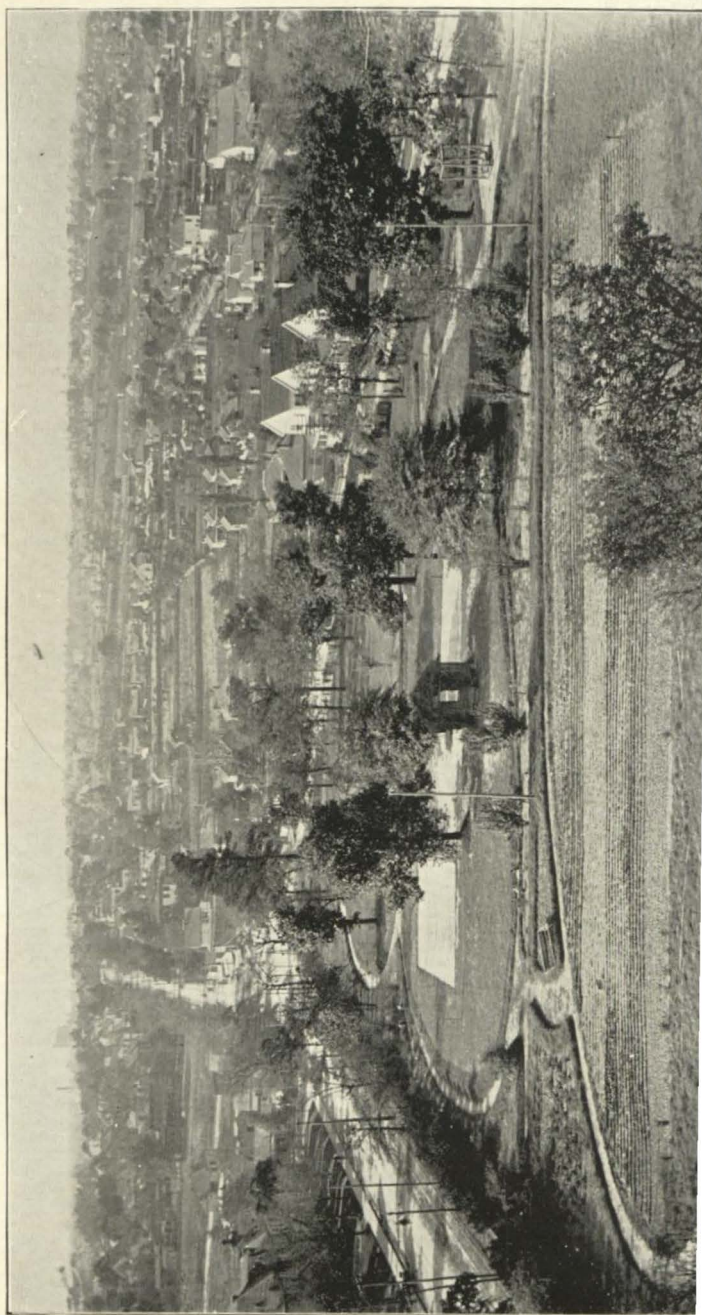
Wesleyan has had over two thousand graduates, while her matriculates would show an enrollment to the thousands and thousands. The matriculation book for 1904-5 shows an enrollment of 464, and the boarding department composes a family of 230 girls, besides teachers and officers of the College. It would seem to a casual reader that in such a large household the family life would be eliminated, but this is by no means true, for the teachers and pupils form a complete family in the large dining-room, and the comradeship between them keeps bright the spirit of the home altar. Teachers always make the troubles of the students their own, and a girl in trouble never hesitates to go to them for sympathy. The student government has not yet been adopted at Wesleyan, still the honor system is emphasized and the discipline is liberal as a Woman's College should be.

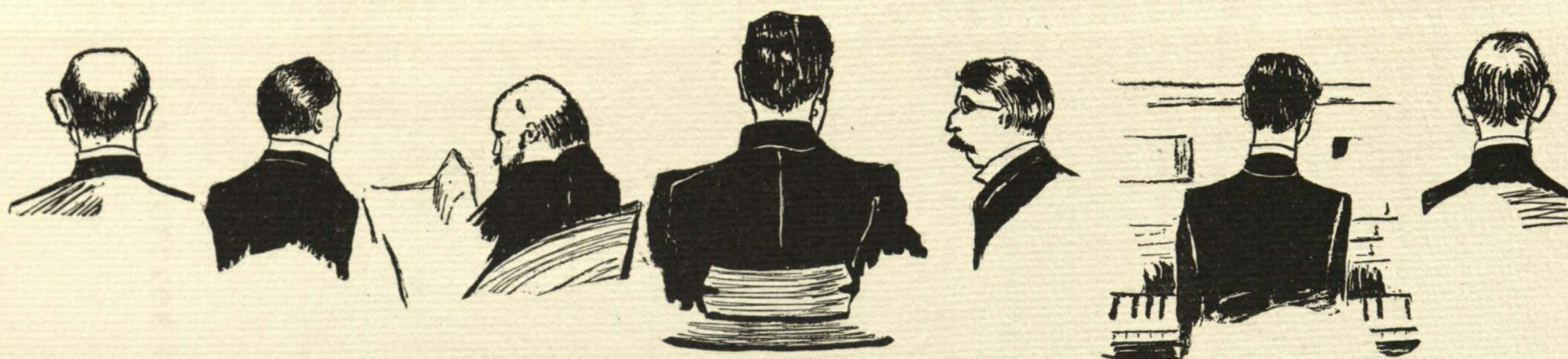
This College, while under the control of the Methodist Episcopal Church, employs teachers of any denomination, desiring *quality* above all else. Students are both allowed and encouraged to attend the Sunday-school and church of their own denomination and affiliate with the people of that sect, so that, though they are away from home, the church relationship remains unbroken.











The College Choir

J. C. HINTON

DUPONT GUERRY

DAN KOETS

C. R. JENKINS

C. R. FORSTER

EDOUARD HESSELBERG

W. B. BONNELL

THE COLLEGE CHOIR

[The by-laws of this organization have never before been given to the public, having been kept secret by the members lest the plans and purposes should be understood. The following is an extract from their contribution.]

ARTICLE 1. This organization shall be known as the College Choir and shall consist of only the male members of the Faculty, not because they can sing, but because they sit on the stage at Chapel prayer.

ART. 2. No student shall be allowed to sing at Chapel, but they shall be provided with books so as better to follow the choir.

ART. 3. If there is no one present to carry the melody, the melody shall be omitted and the bass or tenor part shall be sung.

ART. 4. It is against the regulations of this organization to omit a single stanza of a hymn.

AMENDMENT 1. Furthermore no leader shall choose a hymn with less than six stanzas.

ART. 5. It shall be the duty of the leader to select a tune which is not familiar to any member except the leader himself, and it will be considered a breach of etiquette if any member again select that tune—it belongs to the leader by right of discovery.

ART. 6. If John White (the dynamo that runs the organ) should fall asleep, the organist shall play silently and to this ethereal music the choir shall sing, for "Music heard is sweet, but that unheard is sweeter."

ART. 7. During the *rending* of a selection a member who discovers that any note is beyond his range, may sound any tone or semi-tone in the octave immediately below that note.

ART. 8. It shall be the duty of each member of the choir to see that the accompanist keeps time, and if a mistake in rythm is made by said accompanist it shall be the duty of the leader to immediately expose said mistake of said accompanist to the student body.

AMENDMENT 2. No member of the choir who is not competent to perform the above-named duty shall be permitted to lead.



Arranged by
E. E. Wilson

PHI MU SORORITY

FOUNDED 1852.

CHARTERED 1904.

ALPHA CHAPTER—Wesleyan College, Macon, Ga.

BETA CHAPTER—Hollins Institute, Hollins, Va.

MOTTO: *Ses Soeurs Fidelles*

COLOR: *Pink and white*

FLOWER: *Pink carnation*

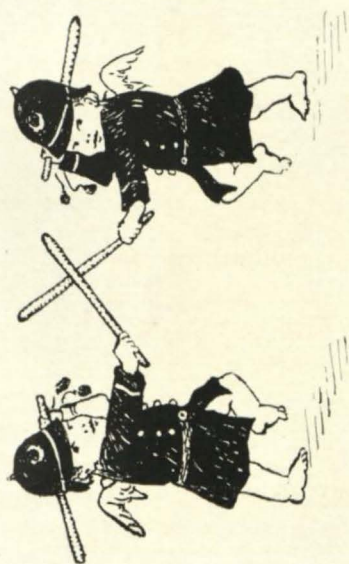
Sorores in College

Anthony, Josephine; Baldwin, Elizabeth; Bardwell, Janie; Bradley, Aline; Bradley, Carrie; Briggs, Edna; Briggs, Emile; Brown, Exa; Chambliss, Tennie; Childs, Eva; Cooper, Margaret; Coney, Julia; Cunningham, Ruth; Erminger, Willie; Finney, Gussie; Frederick, Bessie; Fry, Essie; Goddard, Anne; Guyton, Eloise; Guyton, Ethel; Hill, Eliza; Hurst, Katherine; Johnson, Carrie; Jones, Maybelle; Ketchings, Nannie; Lyle, Isabel; Martin, Edith; Martin, Ruth; Matthews, Eeuelle; Monning, Louise; Moon, Eloise; Palmer, Mary; Pendleton, Bessie; Pendleton, Gertrude; Perdue, Caroline; Roberts, Maie Dell; Rogers, Lizzie Neal; Salley, Adele; Schley, Leila; Schley, Woody; Slappey, Maude H.; Spaine, Helen; Moss, Janie; Tigner, Mary; Twitty, Lucy; Wade, Julia; Weaver, Martha; Westbrook, Mary; White, Tommie C.; Wooten, Emily.

Sorores in Urbe

Adams, Martha; Burt, Mary; Chappell, Martha; Clarke, May Boyd; Crutchfield, Rose; Davis, Lyndall; Duncan, Tracy; English, Mary; English, Raymond; Fisher, Maude; Hall, Sarah; Hill, Fanny; Hill, Wynnie May; Holt, Lillian; Johnstone, Mary; Johnstone, Julia; Johnson, Maud; Johnson, Louise; Lewis, Martha; Logan, Johnnie; Mallory, Annie Laurie; Mallory, Jeanette; Malone, Jennie; Miller, Katherine; Miller, Martha; Plant, Viola; Pope, Erwin; Roberts, Waldron; Ross, Claudea; Scandrett, Mary; Shaw, Anne; Smith, Margaret Hall; Snowden, Adele; Snowden, Septima; Troy, Mary; Tinsley, Sarah; Russell, Anne Lou; Willingham, Virginia; Van Buren, Nell; Wright, Louise; Battle, Lillian; Mrs. Eleanor Hall Jaques, Mrs. Carrie Tracy Duncan, Mrs. Mary Ellen Tracy Felton, Mrs. Mary Wheeler Taylor, Miss Ida Holt, Mrs. George P. Clarke, Mrs. Georgia Tracy Wadley, Mrs. Susan Tracy Collins, Mrs. Edith Stetson Coleman; Harris, Fanny; Mrs. Hazel Holmes Willingham; Willingham, Virginia; Mitchell, Lela; Mrs. Katherine Tinsley Troy; Mrs. Willie Tinsley Baxter; Mrs. Ann

Winship Schofield, Mrs. Ida Winship Mangham, Mrs. Cora Solomon Nisbet, Mrs. Mary Munnerling English, Mrs. Laura Anderson Wells, Mrs. L. J. Guttenberger Nottingham, Mrs. Eugenia Rogers Ellis, Miss Margaret Darragh, Miss Florella F. Hines, Mrs. Lizzie Jones Cox, Miss Georgia L. Crockett, Miss Mattie Harris Singleton, Mrs. Mary Everett Lockett, Mrs. Georgia Riley Chambers, Mrs. Mary Harris Robertson, Mrs. Sallie Swoll Cheatham, Mrs. Nettie Dunlap Wortham, Miss Evelyn B. Jones, Mrs. Annie Powers Malone, Mrs. Mamie Little Schofield, Mrs. Henrietta Nisbet King, Mrs. Claude Freeman Ross, Mrs. Lillian Dunlap Stevens, Mrs. Leila Tigner Johnson, Miss Leila Birch, Miss Hanna S. Hines, Mrs. Annie Lee Jones Dasher, Mrs. Annie McKay Gamble, Miss Mattie H. Rogers, Mrs. Annie Rushin Willingham, Mrs. Fitzallen Wright Kendall, Mrs. Pauline Logan Findlay, Mrs. Bessie Goodwin Artope, Miss Annie G. Westcott, Mrs. Clara Burghard Jones, Mrs. Kittie Freeman Long, Miss Blanche Hall Neel, Mrs. Bertha Hardeman Jones, Miss Sallie G. Boone, Miss Mary Patterson, Mrs. Fannie Holt Thomas, Miss Agnes Barden, Mrs. Carrie Harris Hazlehurst, Miss Clifford Wilcox, Miss Daisy Hall, Mrs. Ruby Jones Grace, Mrs. Dellie Rogers McCaw, Miss Maud Stanley Hill, Mrs. Mary Nicholson Ainsworth, Mrs. Leila Holmes Ridout, Mrs. Loula Link Cason, Mrs. Linda McKinney Anderson, Mrs. Rosa Link Forrester, Mrs. Clara Mumford Harwell, Mrs. Orville Park, Miss Ella May Williams, Mrs. May Nottingham Lawton, Miss Pearl Everett, Mrs. Johnnie Holmes Sparks, Mrs. Annie Speer Burr, Mrs. Corinne Lawton Jordan, Miss Theodosia Tinsley, Mrs. Ola May Harrison Moulder, Miss Margaret Hall, Mrs. Josephine Shaw Stetson, Mrs. Rosa Guerri Snowden, Mrs. Pauline Hardeman Chappell, Miss Martha Williams, Miss Katie May Guyton, Miss Zaidee Erwin, Miss Marguerite Erwin, Mrs. Nell Collins Barden, Mrs. Jordan Masee, Miss Kate Callaway, Miss Mary Callaway, Mrs. Nannie Jones Estes, Mrs. Olivia Montfort Pope, Miss Kathileen McGregor.



Clubs.





WILSON, Macon

SLIPPERS



WILSON, Macon

NAUGHTY THIRTEEN

THE SLIPPERS

MOTTO: *Tread lightly*
COLORS: *Crimson and old rose*
FLOWER: *Lady's slipper*
TIME OF MEETING: *Wednesday night*

Members

ALINE BRADLEY	NAN SHAW
EVA CHILD	WALDRON ROBERTS
GUSSIE FINNEY	OPHELIA SMITH
ELOISE GUYTON	ELOISE MOON
LILLIAN HOLT	LIZZIE NEAL ROGERS
MAY CLARKE	WOODIE SCHLEY
RUTH MARTIN	JULIA WADE



NAUGHTY THIRTEEN

MOTTO: *In all thy ways be naughty*
FLOWER: *Johnnie-jump-up*
COLORS: *Green and white*

Members

ELIZABETH BALDWIN	LOUISE MONNING
ELIZABETH FREDERICK	MAIE DELL ROBERTS
ANNIE GODDARD	CLAUDIA ROSS
ELIZA HILL	LEILA SCHLEY
NANNIE KITCHINGS	TOMMIE WHITE
MARTHA LEWIS	LILA MITCHELL
ANNIE LAURIE MALLORY	

THE PHILOSOPHERS

MOTTO: *Take a nap and feel better*

FLOWER: *Four o'clock*

TOAST: *Blessings on him who first invented sleep!*

Members

ETHEL WALKER	CAROLINE PERDUE
EMILY WOOTEN	EFFIE KENT
KATE HURST	GUSSIE FINNEY
REBAH PERKINS	MATTIE HAYS ROBINSON
MARY WESTBROOK	MARY PALMER
ELENOR HAYS	

THE IMPS

MOTTO: *Avant! to-night my heart is light*

COLORS: *Red and green*

TIME OF MEETING: *Thursday evening*

Members

MARY COPELAN	ALINE BRADLEY
ELOISE GUYTON	CLEO MABLE
NONA JOHNSTON	RUTH MARTIN
ANNIE BARRS	JULIA WADE
NATALIE THOMAS	MISS RIVERS
<i>Honorary member</i>	



WILSON, Macon



WILSON, Macon



E. Stevens.

THE JOKERS

MOTTO: *"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men"*

COLORS: *Red and yellow*

FLOWER: *Poppy*

Members

TENNIE CHAMBLISS	MARGARET COOPER
MARTHA WEAVER	ALINE BRADLEY
MARY PALMER	CAROLINE PERDUE
ELIZA HILL	RUTH CUNNINGHAM
MARY TIGNOR	NANNIE C. KITCHINGS
ADELE SALLEY	WILLIE ERMINGER

"RUSHERS"

QUEEN: *Sarah Tinsley*

QUEEN'S CONFIDANT: *Mary Copelan*

ATTENDANTS: *Susie Key Smith and Anne Shaw*

Court Ladies: Martha Weaver, Rose Crutchfield, Caroline Perdue, Adele Salley, Ruth Martin, Ethel Beyer, Lillian Moore, Helen Felder, Laura Smith, Eloise Guyton, Aline Bradley, Tracy Duncan, Helen Spain, Willie Stringer, Julia Carey, Margaret Cooper, Annie Goddard, Emile Briggs, Ruth Cunningham.

Rivals in Court: Martha Weaver and Caroline Perdue; Mary Copelan and Adele Salley; Willie Erminger and Julia Carey; Laura Smith and Eloise Guyton; Helen Felder and Susie Key Smith; Annie Goddard and Margaret Cooper; Ophelia Smith and Lizzie Neal Rogers.

THE STAY-AT-HOMES

MOTTO: *Stay at home, my heart, and rest
Home-staying hearts are happiest—
To stay at home is best.*

Members

CAROLINE PERDUE	SARAH TINSLEY
WILLIE ERMINGER	LILLIAN MOORE
REBAH PERKINS	REBECCA MABBETT
EULA SULLIVAN	LAURA SMITH
MARY JOE BARRON	WALDRON ROBERTS
ELOISE GUYTON	ROSE CRUTCHFIELD



WILSON, Macon

JOKERS



WILSON, Macon

BLUFFERS



WILSON, Macon

TEASERS

BLUFFERS

MOTTO: *"Bluffing 'em some"*

COLORS: *Red and white*

FLOWER: *Tulip*

TIME OF MEETING: *Just any old time*

Yell

Se-gar, se-gar
Bum, bum, bum
Bluffers, Bluffers
Bluffing 'em some

Members

EDNA BRIGGS	ANNIE GODDARD
EMILE BRIGGS	EDITH MARTIN
JANIE BRADWELL	RUTH MARTIN
JULIA CONEY	MAIE DELL ROBERTS
BESSIE FREDERICK	HELEN SPAIN

THE SKY-SCRAPERS

MOTTO: *"When the proofs are present, what need is there of words?"*

Members

"TEA BELL" CHILDS	WILLIE ERMINGER
MARY PALMER	NEVELLE MATTHEWS
AGNES CHAPMAN	ANNIE BARRS
MARY JOE BARRON	EXA BROWN
AGNES ORGAN	

THE MIDGETS

MOTTO: *"I'll not budge an inch"*

Members

ETHEL HARRELL	MARGARET COOPER
FANNIE G. KIMBROUGH	GERTRUDE PENDLETON
ANNE CLEGHORN	RUTH MARTIN
LUCILE ROPER	ZELL ROZIEN

THE TEASERS

MOTTO: *"Teasing, teasing, I was only teasing you"*

Members

WALDRON ROBERTS	ROSE CRUTCHFIELD
SARAH TINSLEY	ANNE SHAW
TRACY DUNCAN	

WALKERS

MOTTO: *"Ride when you have a nickel, and when
you haven't, walk"*

WALKING DAY: *Thursdays*

FAVORITE WALK: *Out College Street toward Mercer*

WINDING-UP-PLACE: *Isaac's*

REFRESHMENTS: *Ham sandwiches, pickles and ice
water*

Members

ANNIE GODDARD	BESSIE FREDERICK
EPPIE LEE SCOTT	RUTH MARTIN
MAIE DELL ROBERTS	EMILE BRIGGS
HELEN SPAIN	JANIE BARDWELL
EDITH MARTIN	NINA SCOTT
EDNA BRIGGS	LUCILE KIMBROUGH

THE GAD-ABOUTS

MOTTO: *"What care I, when I can lie and rest,
Kill time, and take life at its very best"*

Members

LIZZIE NEAL ROGERS	NORDIE SCHLEY
ETHEL WALKER	MARGIE BURKS
MARY JOE CARMICHAEL	MYRA BIZELLE
LOUISE MONNING	JULIA WADE
ELLA CLAIRE McHELLA	

BOTANY CLUB

PROF. BONNELL

LILLIAN HOLT	ELOISE MOORE
MINNIE AKIN	GUSSIE FINNEY
JULIA WADE	EVA CHILD
SUSIE BALDWIN	MARY JOE CARMICHAEL



WILSON, Macon

WALKERS.



WILSON, Macon

BOTANY CLUB



WILSON, Macon

ETA PI

ETA PI

COLORS: *White and green*

FLOWER: *White carnation*

Members

JULIA CONEY
SARA TINSLEY
MAYBELLE JONES

CAROLINE PERDUE
EMILY WOOTEN
MAUD H. SLAPPEY

THE HORSESHOE CLUB

FLOWER: *Four-leaf clover*

MOTTO: *"If not by luck, then by pluck"*

BEARER OF LEAF: *Shelton Souter*

Followers

INEZ DAUGHTRY
MYRA MIZELLE
MARY LOU BECKHAM

SADIE NORMAN
ANNIE MAE KILPATRICK
MARY JOE CARMICHAEL

THE PERIPATETICS

MOTTO: *"He who runs may read"*

COMMANDER OF THE GREEKS: *Prof. C. R. Forster*

DRUMMER: *Miss Horn, of Boston*

REAR GUARD: *Inez Daughtry*

THE BUSYBODIES

MOTTO: *"Go to the ant, thou sluggard"*

EMILY WOOTEN
REBAH PERKINS
EULA SULLIVAN
LILLIAN MOORE

MILDRED ADAMS
RUTH CUNNINGHAM
MINNIE AKINS
PEARL PEACOCK

MARY SKAGGS

THE LUCKY NUMBER

MOTTO: *"Do others, but don't let them do you"*

COLORS: Rose pink, lemon yellow, pea green,
sky blue

FAVORITE DRINK: *Sody pop*

FAVORITE DISH: *Red soup*

FAVORITE OCCUPATION: *Chewing the rag*

FLOWER: *Dog fennell*

EMBLEM: *Horseshoe*

Members

BESSIE PENDLETON	MARY WESTBROOK
GERTRUDE PENDLETON	KATHERINE HURST
ESSIE FRY	ETHEL HARRELL
LUCY TWITTY	MANDETT SLAPPY
ADELE SALLEY	

THE COPERNICANS

OBJECT OF ASSOCIATION: *(Primarily) to pass forty-five minutes listening to Mr. Hinton; (secondarily) to get a clear understanding of "Lodd's New Astronomy"*

MOTTO: *"How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour?"*

Officers

GRAND INTERROGATOR: *Lila Mitchel*
ASSISTANT INTERROGATOR: *Claudia Ross*
SECRETARY: *Annie Goddard*
GENERAL ENCOURAGER: *Martha Lewis*
ASSISTED BY THE ASTRONOMY CLASS

EXTRACTS FROM THE MINUTES

WEDNESDAY, 8:10 A. M.—The meeting came to order at the distant sound of the approaching footsteps of Prof. H——. The president caught frantically at her book and exclaimed: "Somebody ask him a question!" The motion, due to the lobbying of the General Encourager, was seconded and unanimously carried. The minutes of the Secretary had to be referred to in order to see who questioned last time. It was found that it was the General Interrogator's day. After the calling of the roll, she promptly propounded this question: "Professor, I don't see how they know that the sun really is bright and hot. How is it?" There being no further business, the meeting adjourned at the expiration of forty-five minutes with the problem only half solved.

THURSDAY, 8:10 A. M.—Ditto.

FRIDAY, 8:10 A. M.—A terrible catastrophe befell the club to-day—our beloved interrogator has left us since her stock of questions was exhausted and she could not stand to see herself succeeded by any of her jealous rivals. Will we ever find her equal?



WILSON, Macon

LUCKY NUMBER

A LETTER FROM THOMAS JEFFERSON

This letter was found among a mass of ship-papers in the attic of a house owned by a sea captain who sailed to the Mediterranean. At that time letters were often entrusted to private hands, but there is evidence that before this one reached its destination the ship was wrecked and its papers saved by the captain. After lying in concealment for fifty years, the letter was discovered and sold to an autograph collector, but it has never been published.

L. J. L.

"A few days ago I received a letter from M. Marechal, Archbishop of Baltimore, in which he informs me that, besides your friendly expressions toward me, on his leaving Paris some years ago, you had, in a letter of September last, made kind inquiries after myself and my family. I feel a pleasure, as well as a duty in answering these myself.

"Since my retirement in 1809 from all public duties, I have enjoyed uninterrupted good health, and retain as much activity of body and mind as at the age of seventy-four we have a right to expect. My eldest daughter, who had the honor of being known to you in Paris, lives also, and is in good health, and has blessed me with many grandchildren, and some of these have commenced another generation. My last information from yourself directly was by the return of two young Americans, educated at Rome, who bore witness to your friendly patronage of them, and brought me from you the two exquisite engravings of Belisarius and Moncada, chef d'oeuvres of that art, which, placed among the ornaments of my house, renew to me daily the memory of your friendship during the terrible revolutions of Europe. I felt great anxiety for you and have never yet learned with certainty how far they affected you. Your letter to the archbishop being from Rome, and so late as September, makes me hope that all is well, and thanks be to God, the tiger who revelled so long in the blood and spoils of Europe, is at length, like another Prometheus, chained to his rock, where the vulture of remorse for his crimes will be preying on his vitals, and in like manner without consuming them. Having been, like him, entrusted with the happiness of my country, I feel the blessing of resembling him in no other point.

I have not caused the death of five or ten millions of human beings, the devastation of other countries, the depopulation of my own, the exhaustion of all its resources, the destruction of its liberties, nor its foreign subjugation; all this he has done to render more illustrious the atrocities perpetrated for adorning himself and his family with plundered diadems and sceptres. On the contrary, I have the consolation to reflect that during the period of my administration, not a drop of the blood of a single fellow-citizen was shed by the sword of war, or of the law, and that after cherishing for eight years their peace and prosperity, I laid down their trust of my own accord, and in the midst of their blessings and importunities to continue in it, but beginning to be sensible to the effects of age, I feared that its infirmities might injure their interests and believed the example would be salutary against inveteration in office; and I now enjoy in retirement the comfort of their good will, and of a conscience calm and without reproach. I have thus, my dear Cardinal, given you the information you have requested, and nothing but that request could have justified so much egotism. In return you can not gratify me so much as by saying as much to me of yourself, in whose welfare I take a cordial interest.

"Before closing my letter I will take the liberty of requesting that if Mr. George Tickner, a young American, should yet be in Rome, as I think is possible, you will do me the favor of extending to him your countenance and protection while there. His science, his talents, the worth and correctness of his character, place him among the ornaments and the hopes of our country; and my particular friendship for him will add, I trust, a motive the more for your notice of him. I should have given him a letter to you, but that having been three years on his travels through Europe, I could not with certainty convey it to him. He was to pass the present winter in Italy, and chiefly at Rome, and I fear indeed he may have left it before he can receive this proof of my attention to him, or of your friendship to me; in every event, however, accept my dear Cardinal, the assurance of my constant and affectionate friendship and the homage of my high consideration.

TH'S. JEFFERSON."





WILSON, Macon



WILSON, Macon

Burden Smith & Co


THE EMPIRE STORE

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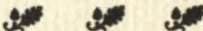
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